FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES

Justice Black's Insurgency

The First of a Series of Three Articles

LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Strachey's Visa: a Portent

A Cable from London

RICHARD GOODMAN

Trotskyites on Trial

A Cable from Barcelona

EDWIN ROLFE

When You Spend a Dollar

A Short Story

MILLEN BRAND

Shakespeare and Three Others

Reviewed by

RUTH McKENNEY

The Letters of Henry Adams

Reviewed by

GRANVILLE HICKS

Cartoons by Gropper, John Heartfield, Groth, Redfield, and Others

ON THE COVER

Hugo Black

TURN TO PAGE 3

OCT. 25, 1938

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Between Ourselves

A FEW of the first artists to accept our invitation to display their work at the First Annual NEW MASSES Art Exhibition and Sale, to be held November 13-27 at the ACA Gallery, are Paul Burlin, Stuart Davis, Wanda Gag, Emil Ganso, William Gropper, John Groth, Joe Jones, George Picken, Max Weber, and Art Young. Additional names will be published in forthcoming issues. Announcement of the exhibition has already brought a splendid response from artists throughout the country, and indications are that the affair will be unusually interesting and valuable.

To forward both the "I Like America" drive for 20,000 new subscribers to NEW MASSES and our fund-raising campaign, Granville Hicks, who recently entered upon his duties at Harvard University, organized a meeting last week at Cambridge which resulted in thirty new subscriptions and contributions of over $150 to the fund. A factor in the success of the meeting was the appearance of Joseph North, who returned a few weeks ago from Spain, where he was NEW MASSES and *Daily Worker* correspondent. The Boston *American* (Hearst) headlined the affair: "Hicks Leads Red Drive in Harvard."

Readers who would like suggestions which will aid their efforts in the subscription drive will be particularly interested in the letter on the back cover of this issue.

From H.K.S., Jr., of New York City, we have received the following:

"Thank you as usual for a superb issue [October 18] of NEW MASSES. I want you to know that although my comrade wife and I cannot contribute even as little as the $1.50 we sent in ›ring, we feel deeply our per- sponsibility in striving in to make possible continued in fact—publication of ES.

21.57 salary it's practically ›le to squeeze out even a few for your financial drive; yet we ›ant you to know that in some way we do intend to bring you in this hour of need, if not a number of annual su criptions, at least a few dollars towards your goal.

"The October 18 issue, believe us, although easily better than last week's, was distinctly more important to us for Saul Levitt's "Return" than for any other one piece. True enough, it *is* hard to draw the line so clearly; yet we feel that "Return," published at this point in time, when the heroic Abraham Lincoln boys are on their way back to us, is the cleanest possible presentation of just how far we must go in rehabilitating these men, these front-trench fighters for democracy, for peace, against world fascism. We feel we owe a special debt to Saul Levitt for "Return," and to NEW MASSES for publishing the piece. We urge you to demand more and still more production from Levitt, and to publish his output without delay."

John Heartfield, whose photomontage is shown on page 9, is the world's number-one master of the art of cutting and assembling photographs into a satirical composition. He is a German who changed his name from Hartfeld to the English version in disgust with German imperialism during the World War. A refugee from Hitler, he has done his most stunning work in Czechoslovakia in the picture magazine of the German people's front—*Die Volks-Illustrierte*. The issue of October 5, which has just reached our office, indicates that Heartfield will have to move again. His back-cover montage has been blanked out by the censorship. The ACA Gallery is currently occupied with the first American exhibition of his paste-up masterpieces.

The sculpture by Maurice Glickman shown on page 27 is included in the exhibition of the Sculptors Guild at the Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In connection with the election campaign, the New York State Communist Party is broadcasting a series of fifteen-minute programs over Station WMCA. The schedule for this week follows: *Fri., Oct. 21, 9:45 p.m.*—Dramatization by N. Y. State Young Communist League, "Throw Reaction for a Loss in the '38 Elections"; *Sun., Oct. 23, 8:45 p.m.*—Timothy Holmes, Negro Communist candidate for State Assembly, Fourth Assembly District, Bronx, "The Negro Must Vote Progressive in the '38 Elections"; *Mon., Oct. 24, 8:45 p.m.*—Audley Moore, executive secretary, Twenty-first Assembly District, Communist Party, "The Negro Women in the '38 Elections"; *Tues., Oct. 25, 8:45 p.m.*—Isadore Begun, Communist candidate for Congress, Twenty-third Congressional District, Bronx, "Progressive New York Must Elect Progressives to Albany and Washington"; *Wed., Oct. 26, 8:45 p.m.*—Paul Crosbie, Communist candidate for Congress, Second Congressional District, Queens, "Election Message to Small Home Owners."

Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, USA, who will return shortly from a visit to Europe, will discuss the European crisis and the 1938 elections at the Jamaica Arena, Thursday evening, October 27, at 8 o'clock. The meeting will be held at 91-16 144th Place, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

LOUIS B. BOUDIN is an authority on constitutional law; he has contributed other articles to NEW MASSES, on the Constitution and the Supreme Court. . . . Richard Goodman is on the staff of the London *Daily Worker*. . . . Edwin Rolfe is NEW MASSES and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain. . . . Ernest Dore is an economist, specializing in the railroad field, who is associated with Labor Research Association. . . . Millen Brand's story in this issue is his first published short story since the appearance of his novel, *The Outward Room;* he has recently completed another novel, entitled *The Heroes*. . . . Cora MacAlbert has appeared in NEW MASSES before, with an article and a short story. . . . Several of Joseph Frank's book reviews have been published in NEW MASSES.

Flashbacks

"RECOGNIZING that an armed uprising is inevitable and the time perfectly ripe," wrote Lenin in a resolution adopted Oct. 23, 1917, "the Central Committee proposes to all the organizations of the party to act accordingly and to discuss from this point of view all the practical questions." Voting against the armed uprising, which was destined to grow into the world's first successful proletarian revolution, were Zinoviev and Kamenev. . . . Before a party conference opening Oct. 26, 1926, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Trotsky admitted they had infringed party discipline by engaging in factional activity. They did not withdraw their views, however, and at the conference were decisively defeated. . . . One year later, Oct. 25, 1927, Zinoviev and Trotsky were expelled from the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union "for factional activity and breach of discipline." The previous August both men had once more promised to abandon factional strife. "However," reads the resolution of expulsion, "they again deceived the party to a point bordering on the creation of a new party jointly with the bourgeois intellectuals." . . .

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Justice Black's Insurgency

The First of a Series of Three Articles

LOUIS B. BOUDIN

JUSTICE BLACK has been the object of great attention during the past year; and if we are to judge by the events of the past six months he is likely to hold the center of the stage for some time to come. This is rather an unusual phenomenon, and not quite "according to Hoyle." Ordinarily, a storm raised over the appointment of a new Supreme Court justice subsides very quickly upon his ascending the bench. Within a year or so, the judicial robe manages to cover all of his past sins and casts over him the same halo of sanctity which surrounds his senior brethren.

This has not happened in the case of Justice Black, as is shown by the campaign against him during the past six months, best exemplified by Marquis W. Childs' article in the May issue of *Harpers* magazine, which contains one of the most vicious and unjustified attacks ever launched against a sitting member of our august tribunal. In an article published by him in a recent issue of the *New Republic,* Mr. Childs shows he has repented somewhat, realizing that the campaign against Justice Black is part of the general campaign against President Roosevelt, but he has not *recanted.* Apparently, Mr. Childs still thinks that his criticism of the justice was justified. In this he is entirely wrong, and he is also wrong in thinking that the enmity towards President Roosevelt is the *sole* reason for the campaign against Justice Black. That is only one reason, and not the most important one. Much more important from the point of view of the insidious interests that are behind this campaign is the fact that there is another vacancy on the United States Supreme Court and more are expected—and the real purpose of the campaign is to prevent the appointment of another Black or Blacks. This takes it out of the category of personalities and makes it a great political issue—one of the most important immediate political issues before the people of this country.

Unfortunately, the people know entirely too little of the real issue involved. And by "people" I do not mean merely those usually referred to as the common people, but—and particularly so—our so-called intelligent liberals: the people for whom and to whom Mr. Childs speaks. Light is therefore badly needed, and it is the purpose of this article to throw some light on this rather mysterious subject. The "question before the house" is: What's a good judge of the United States Supreme Court, and *who* makes one?

The complaint about Justice Black, as voiced by Mr. Childs and confreres, is that he is not an "eminent" lawyer, and has had no previous judicial experience worthy of note. Justice Black, we are told, is primarily a politician, and hasn't got the "equipment" or the *manner* which eminent lawyers or judges are supposed to have. I shall assume that the charge is correct. The question is: What of it? What is the relation of eminent lawyership and their "equipment" to the making of a good judge of the United States Supreme Court? That the question is even put may surprise some of my readers. The man in the street assumes that "eminence" as a lawyer is a prerequisite to the making of a good judge of the United States Supreme Court. All the lawyers say so. That's where they have got us: that's where the effectiveness of the insidious propaganda against Justice Black comes in. As a matter of fact, the assertions of the legal profession and the assumption of the man in the street are utterly unwarranted. Indeed, they are disproved by the history of the United States Supreme Court itself.

Ad Reinhardt

The two greatest chief justices of the United States Supreme Court were John Marshall and Roger B. Taney. And of the two, John Marshall was by far the greater. It so happens that Roger B. Taney was an eminent lawyer, and John Marshall was no lawyer at all. Both of these men—who between them occupied the chief justiceship from 1801 almost to the close of the Civil War—were primarily politicians or statesmen, and their position at the bar had little or nothing to do with their appointment to the high office. John Marshall's "equipment" for the chief justiceship was of the scantiest. He had held no other judicial office, had had but a very limited practice at the bar and practically no legal education at all. But he became the greatest constitutional lawyer this country ever produced—from the point of view of the "legal profession" anyway—and has written some of the most remarkable legal opinions. After a hundred years they are still among those most quoted, and most of them deservedly so. But one will search in vain for legal "scholarship" in any of Marshall's great opinions; and those of his opinions in which he attempted to use the usual legal paraphernalia are but poor stuff indeed. He not only was not a great lawyer when he came to the bench, but he never became one —notwithstanding his thirty-five years as chief justice. His important decisions, as well as those of his great successor, were acts of statesmanship; they must be judged, and *are* judged, as such.

Roger B. Taney was succeeded as chief justice by Salmon P. Chase. Chase was also primarily a politician, and his appointment to the chief justiceship was due to that and not to the fact that he was a leading lawyer. His career as chief justice was rather brief and not particularly distinguished; but whatever he did in that office is judged by history from the point of view of statesmanship and not from the point of view of legal attainment. Chase was succeeded by Morrison R. Waite, a man who was distinguished neither as a lawyer nor a statesman before his appoint-

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ment. He was, in fact, the perfect type of respectable mediocrity. But he made a good judge, and wrote one of the most famous opinions of the United States Supreme Court —the opinion in the case known as *Munn* v. *Illinois,* in which he upheld the constitutionality of the granger legislation of the Midwestern states, thus securing to the states control of railroad and grain-elevator rates. Next to Marshall's opinions, Waite's opinion in that case is among the most quoted and most discussed, occupying on what may be called the people's side the same position as Marshall's opinion in the *Dartmouth College Case* occupies on the side of vested interests.

Waite was succeeded in the chief justiceship by Melville W. Fuller, who was primarily a lawyer, but Fuller made a poor showing as a judge. He was usually on the wrong side of every case in which there was a division of opinion; and he made a poor showing also from the purely professional point of view. Although he was on the bench for more than twenty years and wrote many opinions, I do not recall a single passage worth quoting, or a single legal doctrine which is associated with his name.

The other two men who occupied the chief justiceship before the present chief justice assumed office were Edward D. White and William Howard Taft—both of whom were primarily politicians, although Taft had had respectable judicial experience before he went on the Supreme Court bench. Neither was a noted lawyer, but both were men of considerable force of character and therefore exerted an influence on the court. On the whole, White made the better judge. Taft's fame as a judge prior to his becoming chief justice rested primarily on the fact that about a year before the issuance of the injunction in the Pullman strike which resulted in sending Eugene V. Debs to jail for contempt of court, he had issued an injunction in another famous railroad strike which served as a model in the Debs case and was considered a great "precedent" by all railroad lawyers seeking injunctions.

The review of the careers of our chief justices from the accession of John Marshall, who put the Supreme Court on the map, to the present incumbent, may be fittingly closed by a reference to the storm raised by the appointment of Roger B. Taney as successor to John Marshall. The change from Marshall to Taney was considered at the time a "revolution," and it has been frequently referred to as such in histories of the Supreme Court. The charges made against Taney in the press were very much like those made against Justice Black—he was primarily a politician, had had no judicial experience, and wasn't much of a lawyer anyway. Also, he was given the office as a reward for political services rendered to President Jackson in the fight over the Second United States Bank. Nor was the fight against Taney limited to the public press. Justice Story—the senior associate justice and a close collaborator of Marshall for twenty-five years—lamented the appointment most bitterly, being sure that the court was going to the dogs. And he was not very far from wrong—*his* court undoubtedly did. But even conservative historians like Charles Warren admit that if Justice Story's opinions had prevailed the country would have gone to the dogs.

Turning from the chiefs to their associates, history has the following story to tell. Of some fifty associates who had completed their term of service before 1907, the date of the publication of a series of biographies of eminent lawyers known as *Great American Lawyers,* only ten were included in that publication, which contains the biographies of some ninety-five lawyers—a good many of them only near-great, and some hardly came within hailing distance of greatness. Of these men, two belong to the pre-Marshall period, when the Supreme Court was a comparatively unimportant institution. Both of these men, as well as the two chief justices who served before Marshall, were lawyers of standing, but all four were primarily statesmen, and all four of them rendered their most important services not in expounding the Constitution but in making it. Three of them were leading members of the Constitutional Convention, and the fourth—John Jay, the first chief justice—helped write the *Federalist* which played a great role in its adoption. Of the remaining eight, one was placed among the "great" by pure accident of history—he happened to have played some part, not a too distinguished one, in the setting of local law relating to real-estate titles.

Of the seven who properly belong in that company the most famous is Justice Story, who ranks next to Marshall himself in the estimation of the legal profession. In their orations on the Constitution the bigwigs of the "profession" seldom fail to refer to them as a great team. Justice Story's career and his relation to Marshall are of particular interest in our inquiry. In a certain sense they epitomize the history of the United States Supreme Court viewed from the angle under consideration here. Joseph Story was in many respects the antithesis of John Marshall. He was the learned lawyer par excellence. He has written more books on law—covering every important phase of it—than any other American legal writer. And his books are still authoritative and practically in a class by themselves. But he acquired his eminence as a lawyer after his appointment to the bench. At the time of his appointment he was a man of thirty-two who had been practicing for only ten years and was hardly known as a lawyer outside of his own county. His appointment to the Supreme Court was a result of pure accident. The judge had to come from the New England "circuit." All the "eminent" lawyers in New England were Federalists and opposed to the Jeffersonian party which was in power. There were only three lawyers in all New England who were both Republicans and "eminent," and all three had declined the appointment. Story was a young Republican politician serving his first term in Congress, so he got the appointment which his "betters" had declined. His distinguished career followed. But "distinguished" as his career was, his was very largely the reflected glory of John Marshall. His own efforts were rather undistinguished and frequently of but poor quality, although he was an "authority" on most legal topics. In all his long association with Marshall, the latter's was the master mind. This is well illustrated in an anecdote current in the legal profession. The story goes, that on a certain occasion when an important case was before the Supreme Court judges in conference, Marshall announced to his brethren on the bench: "This is the law of the case. Now Brother Story will furnish the authorities." The moral of the story is this: "authorities" were never particularly important in *arriving at* Supreme Court decisions—*they are less so now than ever.*

John Heliker

"Have you heard the latest Roosevelt joke? It's awfully funny—"

This point is also illustrated in the careers of five of the six remaining associate justices who were included in *Great American Lawyers,* all of whom served between the Civil War and the turn of the century. Of these, Stephen J. Field was the most remarkable, both as a man and as a lawyer. He is supposed to have been a great lawyer. But his greatness as a lawyer is pure illusion. I do not know of a single opinion written by him, whether for the court or in dissent, which shows either great legal scholarship or great powers of analysis. The illusion of greatness arises from the fact that he was a man of remarkable character and undoubtedly exerted a great influence upon the court during his long career on the Supreme bench. That influence was all to the bad, for he was one of the worst judges who ever sat on the Supreme Court. And that not only because he was always on the wrong side of any disputed question of constitutional policy, but also be-

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OLD MATTHEW WOLL

A. Redfield

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cause of the character of his opinions as pieces of legal workmanship.

Perhaps another detail, given by Prof. Edward S. Corwin, who has written Fields' biographical sketch for the *Dictionary of American Biography,* should be mentioned here. Field had been a judge of the California Supreme Court for a number of years before his appointment to the United States Supreme Court, and had made some impression on that court by his attitude of what might be called the theory of constitutional power. But in his decisions in the U. S. Supreme Court he took the exact opposite position from that he had taken on the California court. He knew what he wanted, and went for it straight, unimpeded by the ballot of previous judicial decisions, whether his own or those of other judges.

Probably the most eminent legal scholar and distinguished judge ever appointed to the United States Supreme Court was Horace Gray, who had served on the highest court of Massachusetts for some eighteen years, fourteen of them as chief judge. No man has ever come to the Supreme Court with such a reputation for scholarship and judicial attainment—with the possible exception of his own successor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and his successor's successor, Benjamin N. Cardozo. But his career on the Supreme Court was utterly undistinguished, although he served on the court for more than twenty years. The appraisal of his career on the Supreme Court by his biographer in the *Dictionary of American Biography,* Prof. Samuel Williston of Harvard, is illuminating in our connection:

> The distinction of Gray's work in the Massachusetts court naturally led to his appointment in 1881 as a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. There he sat for the remainder of his life, lending strength to the court by his profound knowledge of the common law and his wise judgment. If he did not attain the reputation of his colleague Miller on constitutional questions, or that of his colleague Bradley on problems demanding acute analysis, he was preeminent in his knowledge of former decisions and of the history and development of legal doctrine.

I should call that damning with faint praise. This becomes particularly illuminating when we consider the character and careers of the two justices with whom the comparison is made, both of whom are included in *Great American Lawyers.* Joseph P. Bradley was an eminent lawyer before he went on the bench. From the professional point of view he made a good judge. From the historical point of view his relation to Judge Field was somewhat similar to the relation of Story to Marshall, although the nature of his service to Field was somewhat different from the service of Story to Marshall. Marshall was not only a master mind, but a master of style. He may not have known the "authorities," but he knew how to write; and when he was at his best there was little left for others to do except quote him. Field, on the other hand, was as poor a stylist as he was a poor legal reasoner. Bradley's function in the Field-Bradley team was to take one of Field's opinions, in which Field had laid down his own law in his own way, and rewrite it in some other case in a manner which would appeal to the trained legal mind. His chief contribution on the Supreme Court was as an expounder of Field's constitutional-economic ideas—he made no contribution of his own.

Justice Bradley's comparative insignificance shows how decidedly insignificant Justice Gray was. And that becomes particularly striking when we compare Justice Gray with Justice Miller, the other justice with whom he was compared by Professor Williston. Justice Miller was the perfect antithesis of Justice Gray from the point of view of "legal attainments." Like Joseph Story, he had been at the bar only about ten years when he was appointed to the Supreme Court, and utterly unknown as a lawyer outside of his own rural bailiwick. But while Story had shown an inclination toward legal scholarship when young, Miller had practiced medicine for ten years before he decided to study law. All in all, he was anything but the kind of lawyer whom Mr. Childs would consider proper material for the Supreme Court. But he became one of the most famous constitutional lawyers while on the bench, and completely obscured the greatest scholar among his associates, as is attested by Professor Williston and recognized by everybody who is familiar with the subject.

That these things are not mere accidents is proved by another pair of judges who were on the bench during the same general period. One of these is the last one of the five associate justices who are included in the collection of *Great American Lawyers,* Stanley Matthews. The other, who was not included because he was still alive, was Marshall Harlan. Had Harlan qualified for inclusion by departing this life in time, he would probably have found a place among the "great," but it would not have been on the score of "legal attainment" at the time when he was elevated to the Supreme Bench.

Justice Harlan's career on the bench is most significant, and particularly so when considered in connection with the career of Judge Matthews. As I have said, Matthews is included in *Great American Lawyers,* but I can recall but one passage in one of his opinions which is worth quoting, and that passage occurs in an opinion giving one of the worst decisions of the Supreme Court. The case in question is known under title of *Hurtado* v. *California,* and it decides that trial by jury is not one of the fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Harlan wrote a dissenting opinion which I believe was much sounder law, and one of the most scathing opinions ever written by a member of the Supreme Court concerning a decision of the majority of that court. Harlan had been on the bench about six years at that time, and he remained for nearly twenty-eight more, making a great name for himself, principally as a writer of dissenting opinions. In fact, he was the "great dissenter" of the generation preceding that of the Holmes-Brandeis era. It is therefore interesting to note that his appointment was severely criticized on the ground of his "unfitness," because of lack of "eminence" and previous judicial experience. Now Judge Harlan is recognized as one of the greatest judges that ever sat on the Supreme Court, but that does not at all mean that the attack upon him at the time of his appointment was a mistake. On the contrary, the attack was fully justified from the point of view of those who made it—the bigwigs of the legal profession and their mouthpieces in the press: *For it is his unfitness from that point of view that made Harlan a great judge.*

Harlan's dissenting opinion in the Hurtado case was only one proof of his unfitness; he made a special hobby of civil liberties and wrote a series of dissenting opinions on cases dealing with that subject, dissenting continu-

Charles Martin

Perils of X

The last imported dish is wiped;
While parsley wavers at the drain,
You take a scattered cup you dropped,
Scan the backyard sky for rain.

O Hamlet on the singing wires,
Ophelia fumbling through the park,
Learn what joy the bill inspires,
The two-bit throne, the lying dark.

This shop, this cinema's a pier
Where voyagers in slow fear wait
Those kingdoms coming; it is here
The flood of silence holds, and fate

Is flickering sesame: they're in!
He's Wall Street Antony: the Nile
Runs swiftly yellow in the spring:
She's kayoed picturesquely while

He rides with justice shooting, takes
A smoldering revenge: now he's
The general in the square who shakes
Great apples from the gold-piece trees.

La! It's the mystical lost treasure.
Don't make it stop, my one last pleasure,
Don't make it fade, don't make it send
In shocks across the dark THE END.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN.

★ ★ ★

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ally from the reactionary trend of the court on that subject while he was on the bench. During all of these years he was fighting a rearguard action on behalf of civil liberties against an advancing and relentless enemy. But it was not merely his ardent defense of civil liberties that made him "unfit" for the Supreme Court from the "professional" point of view. That was merely a symptom of a constitutional ailment, so to speak—an utter inability to view the Constitution from a "lawyer-like" point of view. Prof. Robert E. Cushman, who wrote the biographical sketch of Harlan for the *Dictionary of American Biography,* put it thus:

> His legal philosophy was built upon the foundation of an almost religious reverence for the Constitution. The simplicity and directness with which he viewed it *approaches that of the layman. He believed it should be construed in accordance with the views of the framers and the dictates of common sense. He had only impatience for refinements and subtleties of construction.*

Such a view of the Constitution is mortal sin in the eyes of the legal profession. It is, at bottom, the real offense of Justice Black since he has assumed office. And to prevent the calamity of having another such man or men appointed to fill the present and expected vacancies on the Supreme Court, is the real object of the campaign against Justice Black.

(The second article in this series will appear in an early issue.)

★

Nazi Trick

A RUSE of Hungarian Nazis, typical of worldwide attempts to use the Catholic Church for reactionary purposes, is reported in a recent issue of the *Catholic Herald,* of London, as follows:

> This is what happened.
>
> Individual Nazis got in touch with several priests, asking them to say a mass for a certain "Francis Vivant."
>
> When the priests agreed to do this, the Nazis forthwith announced in their newspaper that on such a day at such a time mass would be said in such and such a church—for the liberation of Francis Szalassy, the Nazi leader, *who has been condemned to three years of hard labor.*
>
> On the day and at the hour fixed, detachments of National Socialists arrived at the churches to attend the mass.
>
> They were all in uniform, wearing their party badges.
>
> The general effect created was that the Church said prayers for the liberation of Szalassy, the Nazi leader. Another effect aimed at by the trick was to persuade the Catholic authorities that the Nazis are good Catholics assiduously practicing their religion.
>
> The Catholic newspapers write to denounce this trick. It is plain, they say, that Nazism is a basically un-Christian system.
>
> The official government newspaper also protests against this abuse of religious institutions in favor of political propaganda. . . . The Nazis would do well to bring to an immediate end these maneuvers which are without precedent in the history of political movements.

Trotskyites on Trial

Spain's Tribunal of High Treason Hears the Evidence

EDWIN ROLFE

Barcelona (By Cable).

SCENE: A large room in a converted mansion, the walls draped and the floors carpeted in red, two streaked, square marble pillars framing a wide nook before a long table at which, under a bust of Justice, sit the five members of the Tribunal of High Treason and Espionage. All five wear black robes with wide, white, laced cuffs, the traditional dress of the Spanish courts. At the left of the judge is the public prosecutor, with high forehead and spectacles. At the right is the pudgy, heavy-faced attorney for the defense, his hairline far back on his head, which you think to yourself grows balder daily as these trials continue. Before them, examined one by one, are the seven chiefs of the POUM, the Trotskyist cabal in Spain. All have been in jail since June 1937 for a number of crimes, ranging from systematic and vicious attacks on the republic, its parties, trade unions, army, and commissariat. This conspiracy culminated in the rebellion in Barcelona of May 1937, in which the hand of foreign fascism is charged.

All the charges, detailed and documented, are contained in a ten-page, closely typed indictment, issued on the eve of the first session last Monday. And these charges are fortified by volume on volume of documentary evidence, letters and notes on POUM executive committee meetings from *La Batalla,* central organ of this cliquist party, which, the prosecution pointed out, embarked on a venomous campaign of slander and open attack on all government organs on Sept. 3, 1936.

The question is: What happened in the weeks preceding September 3 to cause this change?

It was not a transformation; *La Batalla* files never revealed any confidence in or respect for the Popular Front or the republic. But how explain this new frenzy, this vitriolic provocation, this slander—frequently based on fascist sources—which made its appearance on September 3 and never let up until the May events in Barcelona, which endangered the entire cause of the Spanish people at a critical point in its struggle?

The public prosecutor, Gomis Soler, questions the prisoners sharply as they face him during the first week. The answers are evasive and theatrical in turn; frequently the accused digress on unrelated dissertations. Their tone ranges from meek self-justification to open insolence, which strangely enough, to one who is unfamiliar with Spanish court procedure, evokes merely slight chiding from the president of the tribunal. And often a defendant goes completely unrebuked.

Two of the POUM men are not present. One is Andres Nin, who, the indictment charges, escaped last year from the hotel prison in Alcala de Henares, where he was confined, and made his way into fascist territory. The other, Commander Rovira, formerly chief of the Twenty-ninth Division which abandoned its positions without orders on the Aragon front, is also in the Franco region.

Outstanding among the POUM chiefs present is thirty-seven-year-old Julian Gomez Garcia, known as Gorkin, international secretary of POUM, associate of Victor Serge and other choice European adventurers. He is a thin pale-faced man of medium height with a slanting forehead, pinched nose and spectacles, and thin lips which repeatedly spread into a smirk as he answers the prosecutor's questions. There is José Escuder Poves, who lived in the United States from 1925 to 1935, a journalist whose timid and hesitant defense consists of mild affirmations of the POUM Trotskyist line coupled with the lame excuse that he was never responsible for more than the technical side of *La Batalla,* of which he was nominally editor-in-chief. There is Jorge Arquer Salto, a young Catalan whose testimony was the most impertinent of all, who obstructed the trial for long hours by his insistence on speaking in Catalan. Yet when he took the stand, he slipped unconsciously into fluent Castillian, thus embarrassing his colleagues and proving the prosecutor's contention, which a defendant had previously denied, that Arquer had spoken both at public meetings and at POUM and executive committee meetings in Castillian. Juan Andrade Rodriguez, forty-year-old political editor of *La Batalla,* whose chief claim to notoriety was his unveiled attacks on every department of the government, defended himself lamely but belligerently by claiming that these attacks were merely "criticism." The other three defendants up to this afternoon, when the sessions suspended to Monday, are Enrique Adrober Pascual, Pedro Bonet Cuitos, and Daniel Rebull Cabre.

In the testimony of every one of these POUM leaders, and particularly in that of Gorkin, Andrade, and Arquer, there was constant reiteration of the Trotskyist line that the war in Spain was not a war of invasion ("Why haven't we declared war against Italy and Germany?" Gorkin asked), but a civil war in which the rebels are merely receiving "aid" from Hitler and Mussolini. With this stand they attempt to explain all their efforts at disruption and disunity—all their acts of

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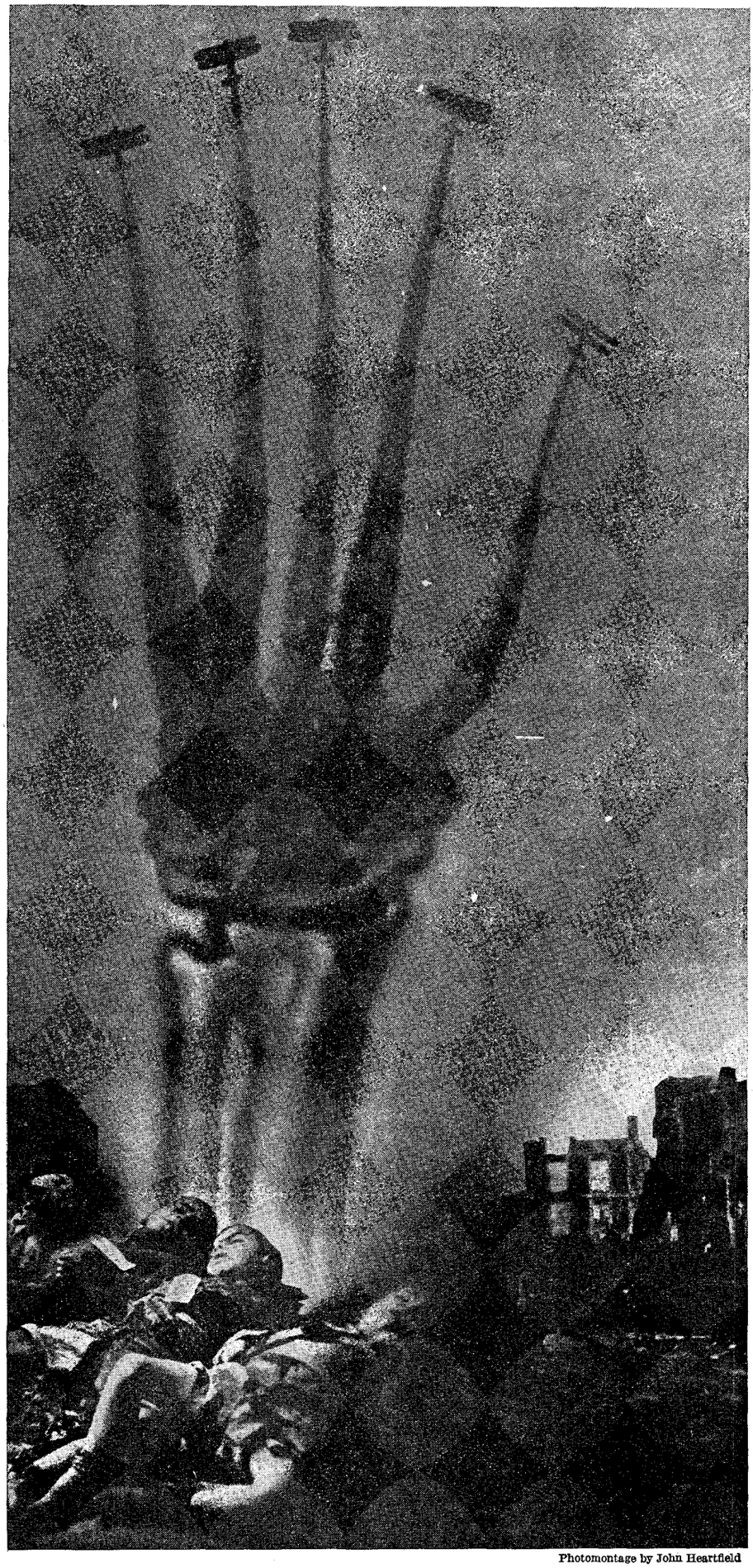

Photomontage by John Heartfield

"Greetings"

sabotage were committed to change the civil war into a so-called "revolutionary uprising."

When it is pointed out that their uprising in Barcelona came at a time when the government needed the greatest unity possible, at a time when the rebels were advancing into Andalusia, Malaga, and points north, they reply with a shrug of the shoulders and reiteration of their "analysis." They also fell back on this to explain the discovery among Bonet's papers of documents from Paris disclosing the sale of "pesetas, works of art, pictures, and tapestries." "This sale," the letter states, "is going well and if they are sold quickly may well realize some hundreds of thousands of francs." The letter goes on to state that Moya—the POUM correspondent—had been shown "plans for a new light machine-gun, and there is a possibility of buying fifty of these"—for use in the rear, not at the front.

A dozen points have been made and not adequately contested except for lame denials. Among the charges are that this group planned attacks on the lives of General Walter, Colonel Modesto, and Minister of War Prieto; that when police seized documents at POUM headquarters, they found large numbers of national bonds; that POUM men raided private houses, seizing all valuables and money, as well as farm produce from villages, thus antagonizing large numbers of the population against the government; that POUM militia units refused to work within the general structure of the Popular army, coming and going from position to position as they pleased, thus endangering the entire front; that the POUM persisted in attacks on the Spanish government as being "in the pay of Moscow"; that the fascist Falangists were members of the POUM.

It is impossible in the confines of a short dispatch to present more than a few of these charges, which the prosecution affirms are amply proved by documentary evidence in its possession. The defendants make their denials but never offer evidence that would disprove the accusations. Yet the court has been noticeably lenient thus far with the prisoners, even to the extent of permitting them to be interviewed by foreign correspondents, as occurred October 12. It has permitted characters like the fast-aging but still notorious Emma Goldman to attend the trial. It has permitted impertinences and insolences on the part of the defendants which would be impossible in any other court of the world.

This leniency is particularly mystifying to foreign newspapermen who remember that the POUM played a leading role in the Barcelona uprising which cost the lives of thirteen hundred to two thousand people and that—as Herbert Matthews wrote in his book a year ago—POUM militia units at the front "fought" against the fascists by playing football with them in Aragon.

The real fireworks in this trial aren't expected until next week, when important figures in Spain are expected to testify. But to

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that part of the public which has been present so far, the guilt of the defendants already appears indisputable. That guilt played a large part in many military defeats suffered by the government troops. And certainty of the POUM's guilt from its connections—no matter how strongly they are denied—with native and Italo-German fascism has been so indelibly impressed upon the people of Spain, who have suffered so long under this and other treachery, is likely to remain whether the tribunal decides to punish them in full for their crimes or to be lenient. Whatever the outcome, the Spanish people will continue to point at them the finger of accusation.

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Licking Their Chops

BIG BUSINESS is beginning to lick its chops in anticipation of a more "self-assertive" Congress, that is, a Congress more responsive than the last to the pressure of the reactionaries for the destruction of the New Deal. The strategists of reaction bank heavily on their ability to make the people forget just how it happened that capital's sitdown strike has been partly broken, and an upturn in business has begun.

If the economists of the Alexander Hamilton Institute are correct in their estimates that the last half of this year will show the greatest rise in a decade in the national income—a jump of more than $5,000,000,000—this will have been accomplished in the face of the most determined sabotage by Wall Street. The Roosevelt administration, heeding the country-wide demand articulated by the progressive forces from which it gains its strength, acted vigorously by expanding the public works program, and increasing the purchasing power of the masses. Not curtailment of government expenditures, as the tories have been demanding, but the exact opposite, a substantial expansion, is responsible for the present beginning of an upswing. Not wage cuts but labor's resistance to every suggestion of wage cuts, prevented the success of the reactionaries' plans to "get" Roosevelt by wrecking the country.

The situation is changing, and somewhat for the better; with it goes a sharp increase in Roosevelt's popularity, as revealed by the latest Gallup poll. The strategists of big business view the current scene, which represents the complete refutation of their clamor against the New Deal, and frame their new program. They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. It's the same old song: cut government expenditures, hamstring the Nation Labor Relations Act, tax the poor, not the rich, and ditch the Wages-and-Hour Act. The only difference between the program of big business today and six months ago is that now they couch their demands in slightly softer language. The big difference in the country at large is that the people have watched the attempts of big business to sabotage recovery, are seeing them defeated, and are more on the alert than ever.

Strachey's Visa: A Portent

Meet Sir Horace Wilson

RICHARD GOODMAN

London (By cable).

A CAREFUL investigation in London into the mysterious cancellation of the visa issued to John Strachey two days after he sailed to the United States reveals once again the sinister anti-democratic activities of Sir Horace Wilson. Theoretically chief industrial adviser to the British government, actually Wilson is one of the most powerful influences behind the government and especially behind Prime Minister Chamberlain. He has been urging Britain toward an alliance with Hitler and he has been instrumental in introducing extensive restriction of liberties in Britain itself. Wilson, it will be recalled, was chief mover behind the Chamberlain visits to Berchtesgaden and Godesberg. He replaced Sir Robert Vansittart, nominally chief diplomatic adviser to the government, who is now, to all intents and purposes, well and truly shelved. At the moment Wilson is engaged in hammering out details of a plan to drastically curtail democratic liberties in the country in the name of "defense of Britain against fascism." The real idea behind this plan is, of course, a move to stifle all criticism of Chamberlain, because this is in fact criticism of Hitler, and Hitler has again made known in London that the British press must be "restrained."

Cancellation of the Strachey visa was one of a number of moves which have already been taken on Wilson's initiative to accomplish such "restraining." During the recent "crisis," plans to impose rigid censorship and, ultimately, entirely to suppress the British press were completed. Those plans are still in existence and will be used whenever another so-called emergency develops. Inspired by Wilson, they entail setting up a new Ministry of Information working closely with the present Education Ministry—in whose building the new ministry will operate—extensive use of the British Broadcasting Co. (whose public relations officer, Sir Stephen Tallents, is earmarked as director general), and the issuance of a special government newspaper, similar to the bulletin issued during the general strike but on much more elaborate lines. How the censorship is already operating is shown in the following story of "rebuke" administered to the authorities of the tabloid *Daily Mirror,* which throughout had advocated cooperation of Britain with Soviet Russia. On the day of the conclusion of the Munich agreement between Chamberlain and Hitler, Lord Halifax, foreign secretary, under the guise of "advice" to Sir Horace Uprang, *Mirror* editor, pointed out that in the view of "official circles" the *Mirror* was doing a "grave national disservice" and asked that "adjustments" be made.

Ad Reinhardt

Since Munich there has been an extensive drive to prevent expression of the extent of the opposition to Chamberlain. For example, the *March of Time* newsreel on the crisis, beginning with *Mein Kampf* and giving in sequence Abyssinia, Spain, China, and now Czechoslovakia, together with shots of an anti-Chamberlain demonstration in Whitehall, etc., was banned as being "dangerous."

The Strachey incident, as I have said, is just another example of preventing the democratic people from knowing the truth behind the monstrous sellout. Strachey went to the American consul in London on September 7, and there swore he was not a member of the Communist Party. After some delay the visa was issued, and on October 5 Strachey sailed. It was admitted here that the visa was issued after consultation with the State Department in Washington. Thus the indication is that there was no objection at that end. Hearing of the issuance of the visa, Sir Horace's men got worried and then got moving. According to information obtained here, the Foreign Office was not involved and was not consulted—in true Wilsonian tradition! Around to the consulate went a Wilson agent to inform the consul that authorities here had "reliable and confidential information" that Strachey was not only a member of the Communist Party but had been elected to the Central Committee at its recent Birmingham Congress—a piece of the most deliberate falsification, as every delegate at the Birmingham Congress knows well enough. The consul fell for this lie concocted by Sir Horace and his gang, and canceled the visa, as is known. It should be noted that the whole incident is considered here as one of the many consequences of the Munich agreement, resulting in the poisoning of relations between the democratic peoples of Great Britain and the United States when friendship and trust are now more than ever essential.

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New York Elections

THE real position of the Republican Party in the New York State elections was made clear last week by John L. O'Brian, candidate for United States senator. Dewey's running mate opened the Republican campaign with a slashing attack on the Wagner act and the National Labor Relations Board. The intense anti-labor, anti-New Deal drive of Wall Street can no longer be concealed by the deliberate evasions of Mr. Dewey. As the campaign gets under way, it becomes more and more clear that the basic issue in New York, as elsewhere, is the social program of the New Deal.

The reactionaries have adopted the classic strategy of attacking progressive candidates on the ground that they are supported by Communists. The Dies committee is now seeking to exert pressure against Governor Benson of Minnesota on this ground. In New York, the diehard Republican organ, the New York *Sun,* plastered its front page with an attack on Lehman and Poletti because they were not opposed by the Communists. The reason why reaction adopts this strategy is clear: not to save Lehman or Benson from Communist influence, but to split the progressive ranks. They know that victory is possible only on the basis of such a split. That is why they encourage division between the CIO and the AFL. That is why they encourage disruption in individual CIO unions.

When progressives fall into this obvious trap they jeopardize their own democratic beliefs and their chances of victory. It is to John L. Lewis' credit that he has not succumbed to this kind of pressure from the camp of reaction. As a result, his organization grows stronger and more unified every day. But Governor Lehman, Judge Poletti, and the leaders of the American Labor Party have not learned the lesson of democrats abroad, of the labor movement in this country, of the 1936 presidential election and the 1937 mayoralty election in New York City. They have issued statements disowning Communist support and attacking Communist principles as undemocratic. As far as democracy is concerned, the Communist Party has consistently shown in action that it is at least as devoted as any other group in the camp of progress to the principles and institutions of democracy. To identify Communism with fascism is to muddle the meaning of democracy so tragically as to imperil its existence. To disown Communist cooperation is to jeopardize the unity of labor and progressive forces, a unity, it cannot be insisted too much, which is indispensable for victory.

The Communists will not fall for the trap set by reaction. They will continue to support with all their energy the cause of progress and democracy against the provocateurs on the Dies committee and the Republican board of strategy. They will continue to show by their deeds that they recognize more clearly than any other group how important it is to preserve and extend democracy. And they will continue to point out to their progressive friends how sadly misguided they are when they succumb to reactionary pressure. If recent events have taught us anything, it is this: that an attack on the Communists by reaction is only a stage in their developing attack on democracy. It is not the Communists that Wall Street is gunning for in the present election. It is Lehman, and Poletti, and the American Labor Party. In attacking Communists, progressives are in the final outcome attacking themselves.

The immediate answer is full support not only to all progressive candidates, but to the candidacy of Israel Amter for congressman-at-large of New York State. The greater the vote for the Communist nominee, the greater the expression of solidarity among progressive voters. A vote for Amter is a conclusive vote against reaction. New York voters have an unparalleled opportunity to deliver a stunning blow to reaction and fascism by defeating the Republican ticket and by supporting Israel Amter for congressman-at-large.

Hitler's Spies

UNITED STATES Attorney Lamar Hardy's address to the Federal Court on Monday was, in the aggregate, the most significant summary of spy movements in this country since the war. Disregarding diplomatic precedent in espionage trials, Hardy started by naming the real offender, Nazi Germany, and continued to charge the accused with activities ranging from rifling mails from the Soviet Union to attempting a forgery of the President's signature, from faking passports to an intricate plan to determine the actual and potential strength of our coastal defenses.

The trials will continue for two or three weeks more and will, in all probability, expand what is already known. It is not likely that the Nazi agents have penetrated very deeply into the centers of our government, and the espionage methods, as Mr. Hardy recounted them, seem pretty much on the amateur side. But the significance, for us as Americans, is that we, too, have a place in Hitler's calculations and that there is a real correlation between what is happening in the Federal Court in New York and what went on in Munich three weeks ago. An informed consciousness and a strengthened vigilance against both actual fascist aggression and spying are the necessary safeguards.

The Cost of Munich

LAST week there were five major repercussions of the Munich betrayal. Put these five together and the cost of Munich begins to pile up—on those who least expected it.

Cardinal Innitzer's Turn. There is savage irony in the predicament of the Vienna cardinal. For reasons of conviction or expediency, he instructed members of his church to ratify Hitler's seizure of Austria in March. He assisted the Nazis into power by spiritually disarming the people. If he thought that this would obtain immunity for his church or his person, he knows better now. He knows now that fascism cannot and will not tolerate any other social organization but its own. It starts with the destruction of the labor movement but it ends with complete monopoly over mind and body. Perhaps, if Cardinal Innitzer knew what he now knows, he would have opposed with all his force the persecution of Austrian labor. He would have been protecting his own faith from exactly the same fate.

Hongkong Next. The fascist axis is still operating through interlocking aggressions. Japan's invasion of South China is strategically aimed to cut the main source of Chinese supplies into the mainland. It is too early to say whether the attempt will be successful but the entire Southern campaign is aimed at British influence as much as anything else. Hongkong depends upon the Canton trade and Japanese control of Canton will convert Hongkong into another Gibraltar. Gibraltar used to stand as a symbol of strength. Now it represents the

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price which every democracy must pay for the betrayal of democracy.

Will Germany Dictate Britain's Air Strength? At first thought, the trial balloons sent aloft in the world press on the Anglo-German air pact seem incredibly insulting. If Britain does accept a fixed inferiority to Germany in the air, at anything like a 35 percent ratio, she is automatically reduced to subserviency in the balance of power. The significant thing about these air-pact rumors is not their chance of realization so much as the fact that they were made at all, mainly by London sources close to the British Foreign Office. Britain may reject any such ratio now but continued assistance in fascist aggressions will weaken her to a point where she will have to take the crudest dictation from Berlin. The democracies *are* finished as great powers if they prate about "peace with honor" after every humiliating surrender. Britain can read its own future in France's immediate past. So, in a larger sense, can we.

Munich Across the Sea. An intensification of Nazi activity in Latin America was to be expected. It came on schedule. Mexico, Chile, and Brazil are most immediately affected. Brazil flirted with the Nazis, stopped just short of being swallowed, and is now engaged in a diplomatic guerrilla warfare. In Mexico, the Nazis control an influential press and lurk behind every anti-Cárdenas movement. We commend to the attention of the State Department these two thoughts: (1) The really big Italo-German push in Latin America will come through Franco if ever the Spanish republic should fall for, among other reasons, our own "neutrality." (2) The surest way of substituting Nazi for United States influence in Latin America is to continue hostile pressure against anti-fascist governments such as Mexico's.

The Churchill Challenge. Winston Churchill's broadcast to the United States exhibited both the strength and weakness of his type. He recognized the fascist threat to Britain's power and sharply defined his differences with the Chamberlain sellout. He did not evade the necessity for cooperation with the Soviet Union, and the implications of the Chamberlain foreign policy upon Britain's internal democracy. Nevertheless, he lumped together Communism and fascism as a concession to his class, thereby befogging the entire issue and undermining the very cooperation which he seeks. We do not suggest that Mr. Churchill should support fascism unless he is prepared to embrace Communism. We do suggest that his contradictory outlook towards the labor movement may account for his failure to lead a real rebellion against Chamberlain. The Churchills are significant of the split within the British ruling circles but only a strong and independent labor movement can take advantage of that split in the cause of progress.

Lindbergh at Large

THE American newspapers which rushed to Col. Charles Lindbergh's defense when he was accused by Soviet fliers last week of lying about Russian air strength to serve the interests of Nazi Germany, have had to haul down their colors as we go to press. "He didn't do it!" the papers screamed when the Soviet statement broke. "What of it?" they cry now.

For in the interval, one English newspaper after another, of all political views from extreme right to Labor and left, has printed story after story to confirm without doubt the original accusation of the Soviet fliers. And in the meantime, has Colonel Lindbergh denied the charges? Not at all. He has been too busy in Berlin receiving medals from Field Marshal Herrman Goering and Adolf Hitler to bother with making statements to the press.

Colonel Lindbergh has been convicted, even to the satisfaction of the *Daily News,* of serving the interests of fascism by lying in England about Soviet air-strength. Further, London newspapers have proved that he has constantly argued for complete capitulation to Nazi demands by the British government.

We agree with the tory papers in this country which have remarked that they do not believe Mr. Lindbergh's statements could make or unmake British foreign policy. But we do not find the colonel's blundering attempts to serve the noble cause of German fascism any less reprehensible because they are ineffective. Nor do we consider Mr. Lindbergh's fascinating after-dinner conversation at Lady Astor's country home, Cliveden, his own private business. Mr. Lindbergh is, or was, an American public figure. He should behave like one—or even better, stick to aviation.

Fight for Strachey

FRIENDS of democracy have just begun to fight for John Strachey's admission into America. As we go to press, one of England's most distinguished authors sits behind bars in Ellis Island, veteran of a week's imprisonment. NEW MASSES prints a cable from London this week indicating the real reasons why our State Department in Washington canceled John Strachey's visa while he was on the high seas. Tories in London and tories in Washington have joined hands to prevent the people of America hearing from John Strachey the real story of the Munich betrayal.

But the reactionaries at home and abroad have reckoned without the people of America. Free speech is more than a phrase to American citizens. In these black times, when fascism marches abroad, we need to define and defend our liberties at home as never before. John Strachey must have free entry into America—not because our republic will stand or fall on whether this English lecturer and writer comes to the United States, but because to bar John Strachey is to deny free speech. Once the tories are allowed to curtail our free institutions, a precedent is established. If the unreconstructed State Department in Washington can prevent an Englishman from criticizing Chamberlain in America, it will not be long before the tories will be trying to prevent Americans from doing the same thing.

Fight for John Strachey's admission into America. Write, or better, wire, to President Roosevelt asking for his intervention in the Strachey case. Tell the President free speech is threatened not only abroad, but right here at home. Insist that John Strachey be admitted to America.

Nine Proposals

WHEN the delegates to the New York State Constitutional Convention departed Albany late in the summer, they left behind them a mass of proposals so undemocratic on the whole that the progressive voter might feel tempted to write off the whole business with a blanket "No." Even the progressive measures which were inserted as teasers are so castrated by ambiguities that they seem hardly worthwhile. The strategy, of course, was deception: "We tories haven't a chance if we say what we really mean, so let's put everything down in liberal idiom. Let phrases like 'social welfare,' 'rights of labor,' 'collective bargaining,' and 'civil liberties' ring through this document as they do through a Roosevelt speech."

But a categorical repudiation would be, for the reactionaries, the next best thing to 100 percent approval. Sifting and winnowing the proposed amendments, separating what is demagogy from what is not, is the strategy by which progressives can outwit the enemy at the enemy's game.

The proposals will be submitted in nine sections, of which four deserve support. Question No. 1, the Omnibus proposal, contains forty-nine sections, many of which —if they could be considered separately— would probably be acceptable. Actually, however, the proposal, if adopted, would freeze unjustified tax exemptions into the constitution; it would limit the people's power to influence and control public utilities; and, perhaps most important, it would

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make further amendments to the constitution excessively difficult by first addressing them to the attorney general for his opinion of their effect on the rest of the provisions. Question No. 1 deserves "No."

So does Question No. 2. It is a scheme for reapportionment which would give a representational advantage to the rural areas, predominantly Republican, whereby, for example, Schuyler County, with 12,674 inhabitants, would be on equal footing in the legislature with a section of Kings County having a population of 93,308.

Question No. 3 provides for the use of state funds to pay for the elimination of grade crossings. But grade crossings, while they constitute a public menace, are the private property of an industry that has bled the public too much to expect any favors. Grade crossings must go, but the expense must be borne by the companies.

Question No. 4 is an emasculated version of the original Baldwin housing proposal. However, it does provide for state loans, up to $300,000, for low-rent housing, and the original apportionments can be increased by popular referendum after 1942; it permits state and local subsidies to bring rents down and gives localities the right to borrow an additional 2 percent over their debt limit for housing purposes. This is less than enough, but it is a basis for further work. It should be approved.

But the reactionaries' darling is Question No. 5. They would gladly shelve the whole constitution for the passage of this one amendment, for its adoption would bring us closer to fascism than anything yet suggested. It proposes that "decisions, orders, or other determinations" may be reviewed by a judge of the State Supreme Court *on both the law and the facts*. Executive and legislature, elected by the people, could thus be hamstrung and frustrated and made subservient to the judiciary, thereby negating all the advantages of our system of checks and balances and substituting the hegemony of those who are traditionally closest to monopoly capital. This proposal must be defeated.

Question No. 6 deals with labor legislation and is sound insofar as it establishes a wage-and-hour provision for employees of public contractors and protects labor, in some measure, against anti-monopoly legislation. It is pitifully inadequate, but, like the housing proposal, it could be made to lead to something better.

Question No. 7 proposes to do away with proportional representation. PR gave the people of New York City a better break than they had known for some time in the councilmanic elections of last year, and any attempt to do away with PR must be stopped.

Question No. 8 permits use of state funds in insurance and benefit schemes to take care of those facing the hazards of old age, sickness, and unemployment. It should receive full support.

Question No. 9 gives the people of New York City the right to obtain and unify the transit system. It provides no plan, makes no provision against the raising of fares, and says nothing about the tenure or the right to collective bargaining for the transit workers. However, these things can be accomplished by subsequent legislation, and control of the transit system, even unaccompanied by the other important demands, would be a significant people's victory.

New York voters should vote "Yes" on Questions 4, 6, 8, and 9; "No" on all the rest. The questions to be answered affirmatively were allowed in as bait by the reactionaries, but progressives, if they vote intelligently, can grab the bait and leave the tories holding the hook and line.

Resistance or War

THE Gallup poll of American public opinion on the Munich deal deserves close study by every European chancellery. As usual, there were three questions. On the first—"Do you believe that England and France did the best thing in giving in to Germany instead of going to war?"—60 percent replied "Yes" and 40 percent said "No." Of course, the question itself was unfair because it implied that the only alternatives were capitulation and war, whereas genuine and collective resistance would have stopped Germany's aggression without war. Nevertheless, 40 percent did reject capitulation to Hitler in the most unmistakable terms, and many more would have done likewise had the question been framed in more realistic form.

To the second question—"Do you think that Germany's demand for the annexation of the Sudeten German areas in Czechoslovakia was justified?"—73 percent answered "No" and only 27 percent said "Yes." The third question, when related to the first, was the most significant of all. It asked: "Do you think that this settlement will result in peace for a number of years or in a greater possibility of war?" and 42 percent replied "Peace" and 58 percent said "War." In other words, the percentages in the first question were almost exactly reversed, indicating that about 20 percent of those who supported the betrayal did so without illusions about its warmaking character. This 20 percent fell victim to the vain hope that the postponement of war compensated for the viciousness of the sellout. They, too, did not realize that the war could have been postponed, and indeed barred, by concerted action.

With all of its very evident weaknesses, this poll indicates a step forward in the political maturity of the American people towards European affairs. Roughly half are today ready to take whatever action is necessary to stop Hitler; the wording of the first question faced them with the ultimate choice of war, thus scaring some, no doubt, into capitulation. As the consequences of the Munich deal unfold, the choice for the great majority will increasingly become "resistance or war" rather than "capitulation or war."

Hopes for Labor Peace

THE Roosevelt administration brought hopes for labor unity a step nearer last week when Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins proposed a thirteen-man mediation board to settle the differences between the AFL and the CIO. This was the first concrete proposal made by the government to end the war in labor's ranks, and is a strong indication that President Roosevelt considers the time ripe for serious moves towards ending the split in the labor movement.

With the details of the Perkins proposal no one can quarrel. The proposed mediation board would be made up of five representatives each from both of the labor organizations, the remaining three members of the board to be chosen by the other ten. The importance of the Perkins proposal lies not in its machinery, but in the fact that it is put forward, apparently with all the weight of the administration behind it.

While we go to press before officials have had time to comment on the proposal, the CIO stated again, clearly, on Monday that the Pittsburgh convention coming in November was not a barrier to labor unity, but rather would be a most effective step in promoting it.

Labor peace would seem much closer this week, however, if the Houston convention had not ended on the sour note of William Green carrying the fight on the CIO into Canada. But even in Houston, delegates rebelled against the tory AFL executive council and dramatically tabled the anti-Roosevelt report made by John Frey and Matthew Woll. The printers, too, remained firm on the anti-CIO war-chest assessment. The Houston convention made clear, however, that only immense pressure from the rank-and-file members of the AFL on the rock-ribbed executive council will be able to bring about labor unity in America. The CIO has so far seized every attempt to negotiate a reasonable settlement with the AFL. What will William Green say now to Secretary Perkins' peace proposal?

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Forsythe's Page

Ready for Casting

From the dilatoriness with which they are being presented, it is plain that the English are running out of themes celebrating the virtues of the British empire. The Music Hall was lately playing *Drums,* an added proof of the axiom that the British have been designated by heaven to rule the natives and that one British soldier, beleaguered, is a match for any hundred tribesmen, but that is not enough. There must be others, and immediately.

With my usual desire to be helpful, I have dug up a tale which is as characteristic as anything offered by British imperialism. I refer to the story of Warren Hastings and herewith present it to the film industry of Hollywood or London, with no thought of remuneration. Since it is history of extreme importance, I know they will be anxious to have it.

The picture begins with little Warren Hastings left an orphan at an early age. His grandfather sends him first to a school at Newington, where he is "well taught, but ill fed," thus accounting for his stunted stature. Later he attends Westminster but is taken out at the age of seventeen and sent to work in India. This was in 1750, when it was impossible to touch India without coming away covered with gold. "The war of the Bengalese against Englishmen was like the war of sheep against wolves." They threw the natives into poverty and robbed them ruthlessly, returning home to "marry a peer's daughter, buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and give balls in St. James' Square." Young Warren was in the midst of trouble from the beginning, acting as a spy for the army when Surajah Dowlah captured Calcutta. After four years he returned to England, lived about a while uncertainly, and then returned to India.

On the boat he met the Baron and Baroness Imhoff and a very satisfactory deal was worked out. Hastings and the baroness fell in love. The baron had no objections so the three proceeded to live together until such time as a divorce might be had in Franconia, thus preserving the Christian moralities. When the boat reached Calcutta, Hastings got off to find things in bad shape. The money wasn't coming in fast enough, and since he was now a member of the governing council he had responsibilities. His first act was to send troops to Moorshedabad to arrest Mohammed Reza Khan, who had the misfortune to be both a friend of the British and owner of two provinces. All Hastings wanted was the return of the two provinces, which Reza Kahn was forced to give up. Hastings then sold them to the government of Oudh for $2,500,000.

But the folks back home were never satisfied. The directors of the East India Company would write: "Govern leniently, and send more money; practice strict justice and moderation toward neighboring powers, and send more money." To keep them pleased Hastings made another deal. Surajah Dowlah needed the help of the British to defeat the Rohillas, the bravest and best governed and most decent tribe in India. So he hired the British army for 400,000 lacs. "The object of the Rohilla war was this—to deprive a large population, who had never done the British the least harm, of a good government, and to place them, against their will, under an execrably bad one."

After the British had defeated the Rohillas, the Surajah Dowlah troops came into the country, pillaging it. "The whole country was ablaze, more than 100,000 people fled from their homes to pestilential jungles, preferring famine and fever, and the haunts of the tigers, to the tyranny of him, to whom an English and Christian government had, for shameful lucre, sold their substance and blood. Hastings would not interfere; he had only to fold his arms and look on, while their villages were burned, their children butchered, and their women violated."

But there were factions as well among the British and that brought on great scenes, one of the most spectacular being when Nuncomar, a Brahmin who had formerly worked for Hastings, declared Hastings had taken bribes to the amount of £40,000. The council found Hastings guilty but Hastings replied by having Nuncomar arrested by the Supreme Court for forging a bond. Chief justice of the court was one Impey, former classmate of Hastings at Westminster. The court found Nuncomar guilty and sentenced him to be hanged. He was hanged.

There was an interlude at this time for the wedding of the baroness and Hastings, the divorce having been arranged. The baron departed with enough to buy an estate in Saxony and the happy couple were at last wed, with splendor.

But the directors were still writing furious letters, insisting that the money be sent at a faster rate and Hastings was having trouble keeping up with the demands. In looking around he centered on Cheyte Sing of Benares, who began by paying 200,000 lacs for the sake of being left alone. Then Hastings insisted that Cheyte Sing equip and support a troop of cavalry for the service of the British. Cheyte Sing demurred. "Ah, you won't!" cried Hastings. "Well, that proves you're a criminal." Cheyte offered another 200,000 lacs. It's too late to be offering money, declared Hastings; you've insulted us. We're taking your country and selling it to Oudh. Which the British did, after an abortive revolt which merely resulted in plundering the province for the sake of the army, £300,000 being divided among the troops.

After that Hastings looked around for more revenue and settled on Oudh itself, as having been getting the gravy this long. But Asaph-ul-Dowlah, boss of Oudh, was astute. You want money, he said; and I don't want to give money. Why not get together and rob a third party? So they joined forces and robbed Asaph-ul-Dowlah's mother and sisters, after first capturing and torturing the two famous eunuchs who watched over the females.

By this time the whole Indian question had become a major issue in English politics. Hastings returned home, a great conqueror. After he had been there a while, charges were filed against him and the great trial began. It went on for years with such figures as Fox, Pitt, Burke, Dundas, and Sheridan appearing both at the trial and on the floor of the House in discussions of the trial, and with the debate over Hastings dividing the country. The House finally brought in a vote of censure against him, but the lords found him innocent. He was a ruined man, having used up not only his own immense fortune but the money that his wife had picked up in small and interesting ways in India.

Well, there's the outline of the plot; almost ready for casting. The poor youth; the sea and romance; the first adventures as a spy; the power of being governor; the fights with Francis in India; the scourge which devoured the Rohillas; the interesting scenes behind the scenes when Hastings was bribing one chieftain to double-cross another; the great and belated wedding; the eunuchs being tortured like prisoners of the Inquisition but being for that reason all the more humorous figures because they are eunuchs; the tremendous scenes in William Rufus Hall where the trial was held, the fine fury and indignation of the English statesmen, all recipients of the wealth Hastings had wrung out of tortured India, but holding that he had not done it nicely, decently, decorously; the acquittal (only twenty-nine peers voting); and the impoverished old age. It should make a magnificent picture, a true statement of the old pioneering days; a picture to make the English imperialists proud of their fortitude and ingenuity.

P.S.—In case there is any hesitancy about the facts, I may say that they have been taken verbatim from Lord Macaulay's famous essay on Hastings.

Robert Forsythe.

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Railroad Profiteering

An Analysis of the Companies' "Pitiful Plight"

ERNEST DORE

For distortion of facts, for the downright ignoring of cause-and-effect factors, the railroad side of the present wage controversy can't be surpassed. Almost everyone has seen the posters displayed in station waiting-rooms and the full-page advertisements of the American Railway Association with its series of simple facts of arithmetic which endeavor to prove in black and white the plight of the railroads, due to government interference and the unwillingness of railway labor to take wage cuts.

The American railroad problem is a very complicated one. Although operating as part and parcel of the American economic system, the railroads have developed their own "economic laws," their own systems of accounting, and their own philosophical postulates. Unlike other industries, they can increase their rates in times of depression and forget to reduce them in periods of recovery. They can expand their plant structure all out of proportion to their earnings and at the same time innocently complain of "government interference." They can increase their capital structure to a point where their outstanding debts are more than the actual cost of reproduction of railway facilities and yet proclaim through paid advertisements that they are prevented from following "natural economic law."

Although "high labor costs" is a perennial cry of the American railroads, the fact is that most of the running of a railroad is done by labor. Locomotives cannot be run without engineers and firemen, nor passenger trains without conductors, ticket collectors, baggagemen, and trainmen. Nor can railroads be operated without train dispatchers, maintenance-of-way men, signalmen, machinists, mechanics, car repairers, yard brakemen, clerks, and even car cleaners, to list but a few of the seventy-odd categories of labor required to run the American railroads. While electric power stations may conceivably be automatic in the near future and steel rolling mills mechanized to such an extent that but few workers are needed, scientific technique has not as yet worked out a plan whereby trains can be run by radio and repaired by electrical automatons. Increased mechanical power and safety devices may provide faster and safer transportation, but they can hardly displace the human factor in the actual running of railroads. As a reward for his services, the average railroad worker receives about $30 a week and all that this means statistically is that half the railroad workers in the country receive a little more than $30 a week and half receive less. Excluding the officials who receive more than $5,000 a year and including the part-time worker, the average railroader receives less than $22 per week for all his experience, his training, and years of service.

In any other industry, a weak company would be unable to continue in existence for very long when competition becomes a little too much for it. However, since the railroads are looked upon as public utilities, although operated like an independent company in any other industry, weaker companies still continue to function under receiverships in the optimistic hope that somewhere and sometime there may be a plan developed whereby enough business can be diverted from their larger competitors to enable them to operate at a large profit. The fact is, however, that the country has more than 100,000 miles of railroad in excess of what it needs. Although the railroads of the country have considered the possibility of consolidation, it still remains as an unworked idea, since no wealthy road wants to merge with a road that it will eventually have to abandon.

In the process of railroad expansion during the seventies and eighties of the past century, many superfluous branch and parallel lines were built. Six railroads were built from Chicago to Omaha to connect with one going from Omaha to the coast; one line, a four-track system, would have been more than sufficient. The Milwaukee road is superfluous to the Northern Pacific, for the latter can handle all the freight and passenger business from Minneapolis to Seattle, running through the southern parts of North Dakota and Montana. Certainly one four-track, high-speed railroad can handle all of the business between Chicago and St. Louis, instead of the five actually in operation.

Due to this wasteful competition in parallel routes, most railroads do not get enough business to pay for the extravagance in building and improving their rights-of-way. At the same time, competition for freight to keep them busy tends to make for higher operating costs. One example of how freight is routed will explain why this is so: Despite the fact that the shortest route from Boston to Chicago is over the Boston & Albany and thence over the New York Central to Chicago, a shipper with freight to Chicago may have it shipped through Montreal over the Canadian National, or through Philadelphia over the New Haven and Pennsylvania systems, or through Mechanicsville over the Boston & Maine and thence to Chicago over the Delaware & Hudson and the Erie railroads. The combinations possible are increased with the more railroads a terminal may have. Thus a shipper having a siding on the Southern Pacific in Portland, Ore., may find that his freight to St. Louis is shipped to Dallas, Tex., and thence over the St. Louis Southwestern to its final terminal point, instead of over the more direct routes of the Union Pacific and the Burlington. This procedure is worked by the railroads, if the shippers do not complain too much, in order that the railroads may get all the benefits to be derived from the long-haul rates.

The larger railroads also have a well developed patronage system of their own. Thus, despite the fact that six railroads parallel one another from Chicago to Omaha, but one line, namely, the Chicago & Northwestern, gets the freight and passenger business originating on the Pacific Coast to points east of Omaha. The Chicago & Great Western, a railroad that has been in receivership more years than it has been out of it, can get little freight and no passenger business from the Union Pacific. The Union Pacific insists that this is so since the Chicago & Great Western gives it little business from Chicago. As a result of this policy of patronage, the roadbed and equipment of the Chicago & Great Western must lie idle a good part of the time.

Much of the over-capitalization of American railroads has resulted from this drive to get the best junctions and terminals for originating and receiving freight. The Central New England, an affiliate of the New Haven, originates no freight, nor does it receive much shipping for destination on its line. Yet the New Haven spent millions of dollars buying up this road in order to be in a better position to bargain for freight at the Maybrook and Campbell Hall transfer points of this railroad. Since this line adds to the long haul necessary for freight terminating on the New Haven road, the New Haven now will accept no long-haul freight from the Central R.R. of New Jersey at its New York terminal of Oak Point, insisting instead that the Central short-change itself on freight originating in central Pennsylvania by shipping it over the Lehigh & New England from Easton to Campbell Hall. By this move the Central R.R. of New Jersey must forego the long-haul rates from Easton to Jersey City, a distance of some seventy-three miles, in order that the Central New England may get more business. The New York, Ontario, & Western has been a drain on the finances of the New Haven, yet the latter feels that the purchase of this road was worthwhile, since it enables the New Haven to get into the coal-mining sections around Scranton, Pa., and the terminal for lake shipments at Oswego, N. Y. In the mad scramble for business that would enable the railroads to operate at capacity, more money was spent than the new traffic brought in. In many cases, too, small connecting railroads were purchased, not to

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increase the traffic of the parent road, but in order to prevent competitors, in a more than military sense, from obtaining lines of potential value.

Almost two-thirds of the property investment accounts of the American Class I railroads are in the form of bonds and debentures. Some of these bonds were issued to reimburse railroad treasuries for additions and betterments to their rail facilities, the proceeds of which often went to pay dividends. Others were issued in order to buy up their actual and potential competitors. However, instead of stopping this wasteful competition in rail facilities, competition has become all the fiercer in the maneuvering of titanic systems for better traffic points. Each major system has engaged in a new struggle to determine which one shall have the monopoly of transportation in the various railroad regions of the United States. The New Haven is the classic example of the monopolistic tendency of the larger railroads. All that it has gained for its efforts is a staggering debt, whereby it receives less than $3,000,000 in income from the bonds for which it pays $12,000,000 in interest. In this deal the stockholders have lost, railway labor has lost, and only the financial houses and the insurance companies who hold these bonds have gained. Added to this burdening debt of the American railroads are the fixed charges relating to leases of affiliated lines, in which guarantees are paid that are far more than the normal income of these branch lines would warrant.

Although the total long-term debt of the American railroads amounts to more than $10,000,000,000, little funding of this debt ever takes place. The most common procedure is to issue new bonds whenever the old ones run out. The result of all this is that the railroads are still paying interest on bonds issued before 1870. With a total long-term debt of over half the inflated capitalized value of the railroads themselves, the wonder is that the railroad financial crash has not taken place even long before this time. And although over one-third of the Class I railroads of the country are in the hands of the receivers, fully another third are perilously close to bankruptcy. Over-expansion of rail facilities and over-capitalization are but two of the main problems brought about by the private ownership of the American railroads.

"THERE'S the trouble!"

John Groth

For years the American railroads have been operating under one of the lowest operating ratios in the world, because of greater labor and mechanical efficiency. At no time have the railroads ever suffered any operating deficits. Last year the railroads had a net railway operating income of almost 20 cents for each dollar of revenue received. Considering the important part played by manpower, the railroads have never paid any more than 42 cents for wages out of each dollar of income. The actual cost of running a railroad has never been more than 60 cents of each dollar of gross revenue. The railroads have suffered far less from truck competition than the American Railway Association would have the public believe, for leaving out of consideration the fact that the growth of the auto industry increased the shipments on American railroads, the point still remains that it would take forty times the trucks on the roads today to handle the freight transported on the railroads in any one year. For mass transportation, the railroads cannot be superseded. Yet, depite these factors, over one million railroadmen have lost their jobs since 1920; one-third the American railroads are in bankruptcy and another third perilously near receivership; the small investor in railroad stocks has lost most of his investment; and millions of dollars have been pumped into railroad treasuries by various governmental agencies in order that the railroads might go on. Back in 1900 the ratio of gross earnings to capitalization was as one to two; after thirty-seven years of "efficient" financial management the ratio stands as one to seven. No better example of the failure of "private initiative" can be given.

Under these conditions the feasible thing for the country to do would be to stop playing around with the idea that the railroads need the large banking houses and the insurance companies in order to guarantee future existence. While a South African tribe may need its witch doctors in order to guarantee a regular food supply for the hunters, certainly we need no such medicine men to ensure the financial operation of railroads. Since finance capital cannot be prevented from sitting in directorates, nationalization of railroads is the only hope.

Nationalization of railroads would do much to alleviate the senseless competition existing among railroads today. It would enable the main lines to utilize their expensive roadbeds and equipment to the extent needed, through the abolition of needless parallel routes. The debt structure of the railroads must be scaled down to its proper value, something that can never be done under private ownership. And it would allow the efficiency of the Interstate Commerce Commission to be carried over to the running of the railroads as a public-service agency, instead of as a private checking account. At

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the same time, nationalization must protect the railroad worker by guaranteeing to him his right of collective bargaining and it must avoid the dangers of consolidation by the introduction of a six-hour day or less on the American railroads, along with a better pension plan to take care of the displaced worker. If the government can work out a plan whereby railroad employment can be increased, so much the better; for, no matter whether the railroads remain under private ownership, or are nationalized, railroad labor can never regain the employment it had in 1920. Only by solving our national unemployment problem can railroad unemployment be solved.

If nationalization is to take place as a public boon, instead of as a personal favor to the bondholders, it is necessary that the railroads be not overpaid for their facilities. In no case should the government pay more than 75 percent of the actual cost of reconstruction. Roads such as the New Haven, the Milwaukee, and the Chicago & Great Western should be paid for on the basis of no more than one-third their present inflated value.

Nationalization is a necessary step in view of the failure of private ownership to prevent wasteful competition and extravagant overcapitalization. If nationalization of railroads does not take place, the public can expect even more of the same financial blundering so typical of past railroad experience. The railroads are too important a part of our industrial structure to allow them to be used as private treasuries by boards of directors.

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Robbing the Farmer

MONOPOLIES rob the farmer as well as the city wage-worker. *Illinois Labor Notes,* commenting on the investigation of the International Harvester Co., by the Federal Trade Commission, states:

> International Harvester dominates the farm equipment industry, maintains high implement prices in periods of falling farm prices, and has in recent months joined the big business sitdown by resorting to heavy layoffs. The company reported a net profit of $32,500,000 during 1937—a 10 percent increase over 1936, and more than 1929 profits.

The farmer is robbed by the machinery monopoly, not only on the prices of new equipment, but on the drastically unfair replacement-parts prices—on which net profits amounted to 22 percent last year.

"The ability of the International Harvester Co. to make more net profits in 1937 than in 1929, although the cash income of the farmer for 1937 was nearly 18 percent less than it was in 1929 can have only one explanation," the Federal Trade Commission preliminary report stated. "It was the result of a policy by the company to advance prices, which policy could not have succeeded if conditions of free and open competition had prevailed in this industry."

When You Spend a Dollar

A Short Story

MILLEN BRAND

COYLE, his wife, and daughter, Katy, lived in a tenement. Coyle was Irish; at one time he had lived in a better neighborhood but he was now working two days a week—he had found this apartment in a big tenement which housed for the most part Italian and Greek families. It was cheaper; he was glad now to have anything. The apartment, as it was called, had two small rooms—one was a nine-by-twelve bedroom, the other a six-by-nine kitchen. They had a toilet in a closet in the bedroom; in order to sit on it they had to leave the door open to make room for their feet.

But that was better than a common toilet in the hallway.

The worst time to be in a tenement is summer. The Coyles were on the next to the top floor and the heat of the sun came down and the heat of the building rose up to them. Heat and noise. But always heat.

As the days became really unbearably hot, the Coyles got into the habit of sleeping late, exhausted by the heat of the night before; they did this except on Thursday and Friday, when Coyle worked.

One morning, a Wednesday, they woke up at about quarter to nine. The heat of the day was now, just as they woke, as terrible as it had been when they fell into a fatigued sleep the night before. It was even worse. On the floor below they heard Mrs. Andriolo, one of their friends in the building, walking back and forth with her baby; the baby was crying—it seemed to be protesting against the furnace-like heat that Coyle, his wife, everybody in the building felt.

"The baby won't drink the bottle," Mrs. Coyle said.

"Why don't she nurse it?"

"She can't. She tried. Her breasts bleed."

Coyle lay silent. His wife lay beside him on her back, her half-hidden breasts—which had richly nursed their own baby—with dark flattened nipples, like black roses on her skin. "Look at Katy," he said, "still sleeping. Asleep, Katy?" he said softly. There was no answer.

A canary began to sing in the Paraskevopoulos' apartment down the hall.

After an hour, Mrs. Coyle put her feet into slippers and stood up, shaking her long dark hair down her back and twisting it. "Come on, get up," she said. "You're gettin' lazy, my man."

"Me lazy?" he said. "And I work ten hours a day?"

"Twenty hours a week."

"Ah, but I wish it was sixty for your sake, Mary," he said.

Katy woke up. The first thing she said was, "It's so hot."

"All right, it's hot," Coyle said. "So what?"

"I wish we could go to the beach."

He said nothing. He felt angry. Katy should have more sense.

Mary went into the kitchen and Katy got up and went in too. He heard the two of them talking in low voices.

Why should he be angry? Why not? It was twenty hours, as Mary had said. Just twenty hours. No work for a man—only enough to keep from starving. No life; this was not living.

Well, if they were badly off, the Andriolos were worse. He had been talking to Andriolo—it was a wonder how they existed.

He lay thinking until breakfast was ready, then went into the kitchen in his pajamas. The room was airless; as he drank the coffee set out for him, beads of sweat came out on his forehead. His wife served some warmed-over potatoes and some bacon.

"Warm stuff," he said.

"It's all we have."

He ate without appetite and helped his wife with the dishes. The work was soon done; then his wife made the beds; then the day was ahead of them. The day and its heat.

At about eleven o'clock they were all three sitting around the one window they had on the courtyard. No air seemed to come in at all. Being a flight down from the top of the building, if there was any breeze, it would not reach as far down into the narrow court as to reach them.

"It's so hot," Katy said again. She leaned across the sill of the window; her arms stretched out as if imploring pity from the heat. But the heat, from the crowded buildings, the streets, the sweating pores of thousands of human beings, could not have pity. From other windows people reached too, like Katy, for some impossible coolness—in one window a man sat naked to the waist, his wife in a damp slip.

Italianos, Coyle thought. Hellaynays. But human beings. He was sorry for Andriolo, with four kids, with a brother hurt in the steel strike. He gave him a quarter sometimes for the Red Fighting Fund.

The sun was rising; it struck down straight on the roofs; the heat was more than blood temperature. There was no escape. Heat, death. . . . He looked at Katy. Her eyes seemed dull; her continual goodness, he thought, was more than half passivity. He

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was afraid; it was no good to see children become so good, so quiet. His wife too. She was too resigned, was——

A flood of canary song poured out of the Paraskevopoulos' apartment, first a few straight notes, then the bird's full repertoire.

"Mary," he said. He hesitated. "Mary," he said again, his voice unsure but hard, "let's go to the beach."

His wife turned and looked at him with shocked eyes. He might have proposed holding up a bank.

"Jim——" she said.

"Yes," he said, "why can't we go, Mary? In the name of God don't we deserve some happiness? Must we think about money always?"

"We need money for food."

"We have enough till Friday."

"Hardly enough."

"Enough. Come, Mary, a dollar for everything—carfare, bathhouse, everything."

"And the rent?"

"I don't think anybody'll come."

They were two months behind in the rent. They had saved just fourteen dollars to pay one month's rent—if the landlord or his agent came.

"No, if they ain't come yet, they won't come till Friday," he said. On Friday he would be paid again.

"They might come."

"They won't."

"They might. Oh Jim, how can y' talk like that?"

"How can I talk like that! But it's the happiness of you and Katy I'm thinking of. Can't I——"

"No, Jim, no."

Both of them heard a funny sound and looked at Katy. She was hunched over the window sill, making a funny sound—when he turned her head up, he saw she was crying.

"Katy!" He and his wife knelt down and he took the girl into his arms. "Katy," Coyle said, "Katy, don't you know we're goin' to the beach?"

Ahead of them they smelled the sea, a salt fresh smell they never smelled in the city; already the trip was worthwhile, to get that smell. As they came nearer, they began to hear the continuous thrashing of the surf—they could hear it past the stands of the concessionaires, the voices of people. . . . A year, Coyle, thought, since they had been here.

The steady sound of the surf seemed to draw them; Katy became excited, wanted to hurry.

They went to the city bathhouses. As it was a week day, they rented one for 20 cents. It was small and dark and there were only a few faint bars of light coming through a heavily latticed window at the back. Darkness was for the poor, he thought. He thought of the tenement with its interior rooms, its airshafts, its narrow courtyard, dark—why could he not escape even here, feel really free?

As he hung up his pants, he heard the silver jingling in his pocket; that was the dollar. They had rented suits, rough cheap suits of blue. Katy's was small for her; when she wriggled into it, it hugged her buttocks in a tight line.

"Well, Mary," he said, "how's it feel?"

His wife looked at him and smiled.

They went out and down to the beach. At first they could not see it because they were in a corridor of the bathhouses, then it came in view. The sea; there it was, the large fathomless element, blue, glittering, living. For a moment Coyle saw it as "the sea"; then he saw it only as a place to swim in, to get cool in, "the beach" they had come to for a day's relief from heat and the airless tenement.

Katy ran forward and into a wave that was coming in. The wave spread out over the almost level sand; first it rushed up at her ankles, then going out, it dug cups at her heels. She was excited, feeling the fine sand escaping under her heels and her heels sinking down.

They went in. Their suits turned from light to dark blue, the water streamed from their limbs. Up and down the beach were hundreds of other hot, exhausted city dwellers getting some of the natural health of the sea. There were screams, arms and heads floating, bodies intermingled. Katy churned her arms; she remembered the swimming lessons her father had given her the summer before. "Mary," Coyle said to his wife, "look at Katy. She's gonna make a swimmer."

After a half-hour they came out. They lay down feeling pleasantly tired. Coyle put his cheek against his wife's shoulder; together he and his wife looked at Katy. A little body that had come out of their own, a child, something to live beyond them. Yes, but into what kind of a world, Coyle thought. Unemployment. Depression. Well, it could change. At least now he felt good. Katy looked better—tired but with color, there was some animation in her stretched-out limbs.

After they had sprawled out resting a few minutes, Katy said, "Pop, the tide coming in?"

"Yeah, it's comin' in."

He knew that she wanted it to be coming in, but she said, "How can y' tell, Pop?"

"Look a' that pier down there, see the posts under it?"

"Yeah."

"Well, there's five posts outa water now. When we came, there was seven or eight outa water."

Then she said what he expected her to say, "Let's build a fort."

Obligingly he got to his feet and they went down just out of reach of the water and started a fort. They made a big one—a trench or moat first in front of the fort, then walls a foot and a half or more thick, packed hard, leveled smooth, then some outworks and towers. He made some imitation cannon with wet sand; Katy copied him with others; all the cannon pointed towards the menacing sea.

"Look," Katy said, running to her mother. "It's a good one, look."

Coyle came up again and lay down by Mary.

"Y' like it, Mama?" Katy said.

"I like it. It's fine."

"Now watch——"

As the three of them waited, under the sun somehow burning and cool at the same time, the sea began to come in. Wave after wave came up, ebbed out. At times there would be a long one and then several short ones so that it almost seemed as if the tide was going out. "You're sure the tide's comin' in?" Katy said.

"Yeah, it's comin' in."

Katy sat at her parents' feet. She watched patiently. At last a long wave rolled up and broke through one point of the outworks of the fort and ran into the moat where, as the wave ebbed out again, it was absorbed into the sand. This one long wave was the signal to others; soon they were coming stronger and they poured into and filled the moat.

With the gentle motion of the water rolling back and forth in the moat, a sliver was dislodged from the front wall and slid down and disappeared. Still the waves came slowly, gradually; the fort looked strong and Katy said, "It's strong enough, ain't it, Pop? It won't break, will it?"

"I don't know," he said. "Wait and see."

Now a long wave, with unexpected force, rolled in, crossed the moat, and hit the fort in a jet of thrownup foaming water. "Oh," Katy said, as if she herself were hurt by this first mortal blow to the fort. Once the blow had been struck, there was no relaxing in the attack of the sea. More waves poured in, they hit and washed around the fort, huge slices of its walls—undermined—fell and crumbled away. The tide hurried on either side; the fort became a salient in the long line of the sea. Water in its mass was threatening, all the miles of the sea rose up. It now seemed unbelievable that the fort held at all. It held, then with a leap the sea was inside it; it pulled and thrust; everything went. The waves in a moment leveled and with steady suction erased the fallen walls, the sand, until nothing was left.

Sighing, Katy said, "I didn't think it could do it."

"You can't stop the sea," her father said.

They had to get up and sit further back. It was a defeat; he felt it. But man is not sand, something to be washed away. Man fights.

He looked out again over the sea; its mass was cool, calm, beautiful.

"Well, we're home," Coyle said to his wife as they stood outside the entrance to the tenement. It was only about seven-thirty; they came home early because Katy was tired—also they had no money to eat away from home. Still, it had been good, Coyle felt good. He had given his family a day at the beach as any family deserved—they had needed it and it had been good for them. Particularly it had been good for Katy. Weeks of being in this place, playing in the hallways and kitchens

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of neighbors—with Lily Andriolo—playing in the hot streets.

"Glad to get home?" he said to Katy.

She nodded.

Glad? he thought. They went into the building.

It was still far from sundown; the heat was almost as bad as at midday. In the papers on the way home he had seen that today was breaking records for heat. The heat closed like a furnace around them as they entered the building.

There was something else. Coming from the beach, with the clean smell of the ocean so late in his nostrils, Coyle particularly noticed, as he came in, the smell of the tenement. A peculiar unmistakable smell—rot, old paint, remnants of garbage falling from the pails left outside of doors, all the close packed human smell—from cooking, breathing, living in a space that was meant for half the number of people.

They started upstairs. Once they had gone up half a flight, although it was still full daylight outside, here it was almost pitch dark. No wonder he had noticed the darkness at the beach bathhouse—— Darkness, poverty. Instead of decent windows—airshafts, airshaft windows. Windows like the ones at each landing here, windows that out of the two-foot-wide airshaft dropped a spot of ghostly light on the landing platform. The light was invisible in the air, it could only be seen actually on the landing. Coyle was astonished—looking at it—to see that there could be light without illumination. The darkness of the stairway angered him. He had always hated to have Katy going up and down it. Even now, holding her mother's hand, she stumbled. It would be easy, by herself, to have a bad fall. But that was not the principal thing he feared. It was——

"You have the key?" his wife said.

They had reached the fifth floor, their floor, and Coyle got out his key and opened the apartment door for them. They were back. There were the same two rooms, the same stifling atmosphere, the same furniture, walls, life. Even the Andriolo baby was crying again; they could hear Mrs. Andriolo, who was still overweight from her pregnancy, walking back and forth with it. He turned and looked at his wife and Katy. In their eyes was no longer the happiness they had felt at the beach. They were oppressed; like him they knew their lives had little in them.

They ate supper, with a better appetite than they usually had. But Coyle noticed something. His wife was worrying. He knew what she was worrying about, whether anybody would come for the rent. Nobody would come; nobody would come before Friday. But he began to worry too.

When they had finished eating and cleaned up, they went to the window and sat down. It was just like the morning except that now there was not so long to wait for darkness, for possible coolness. He reached over and took his wife's hand; they sat without speaking. Katy leaned on the window sill and Coyle noticed that her arms were again outstretched; they seemed again to be imploring the heat as they had in the morning.

Other people sat at other windows; people came and went; voices called, changed, grew loud or soft.

When the sun finally set, it seemed to get dark quickly. They put Katy to bed and did not put on the light so that she would sleep. He knew now why tenement children stayed up late, why——

Yes, he knew plenty he had not known until the last two years.

He and Mary said nothing, but sat in silence by the window. The air had cooled a little, had to. A few lights came on around the courtyard, threw a faint radiance in their room. He heard a radio announce, faintly, "—nine o'clock." At almost the same moment he heard Andriolo.

Andriolo was talking in the hallway downstairs. He could tell his voice. There was another voice, under it—he knew that voice too. The two voices continued, one loud, the other less loud. He turned and looked at his wife.

What was there to say?

After a few minutes it was quiet; steps sounded on the stairs, then there was the expected knock on the door. He answered it. In order not to wake up Katy, he opened the door quickly, stepped into the hall, and closed the door behind him.

"What's the matter, don't I come in?" Mr. Regan said.

"The kid's asleep."

"Okay—well, what I want don't take long. You got the rent?"

"No, I'll have it Friday." Fourteen dollars. He had never offered less than at least one month's full rent, would not now.

"You're two months behind, y' know? Wha' d' y' expect me to do, come every day for it?"

"I'm sorry, but——"

"You think all I got to do is collect rent?"

Coyle held himself in. "It's the best I can do. Two days' work a week——"

"And maybe that's my fault. Coyle, if you wanta live here, pay. If you don't——"

"Live here," he said explosively. "Live."

"It's better than the street——"

Coyle got the hidden threat; his anger flared up.

"This tenement's better than the street. Stairs like sewers——"

"All right, I didn't come here to argue, Coyle. I been renting this place to keep it going; it's about time I made some money. Fourteen a month with a toilet, two rooms—it's cheap. I oughta get sixteen, eighteen. You don't pay your rent, I'll get somebody who'll pay it and pay more."

"So that's it, hey? You're getting the place filled up so now you raise the rent."

"Why not? Rents have gone up——"

"Listen, maybe I'm short today but I'll pay. I'll have it Friday. Before you talk about raisin' rent, why don't you fix some of the violations?"

"What violations?"

"You think I don't know? You think because there's a lot of Greeks and Italians here they don't know a few things? Fire escapes—— The front door—does it lock? See that door over there? That's a dumbwaiter only it don't work an' it's filled up with paper an' garbage. Maybe you don't know about that——"

"All right, pay a couple more dollars and I'll put improvements in——"

"The house is lousy with violations. What you ever put into it? If it was to fall apart, you wouldn't buy a nail to hold it together. Now you wanta raise the rent. Raise the rent outa what—food for my kid? Outa Andriolo's baby——?"

Without realizing it, his voice had risen. In the room behind him he heard something; Katy was beginning to cry. He knew what it was, she had heard him and was frightened. Her crying was muffled with sleep; in a minute she would be crying loud.

"Okay," he said, turning, "you'll get your rent Friday."

"Coyle, I don't like people that talk——"

Coyle went back into the apartment and closed the door. After a while his wife quieted Katy; afterwards Katy tossed restlessly. They kept the light off so that she would go back to sleep again.

"Nice, ain't it?" he said to his wife.

He wondered if his wife would throw the dollar up to him, but she did not. She was intelligent.

They went to bed. In bed, neither of them slept. At ten—it was still early—the doorway of the Paraskevopoulos' apartment opened; they heard the trill of the canary, three sweet sucking gasps.

"Jim," Mary said.

"What?"

"Regan gonna put us out?"

Coyle said nothing. He got up and, pulling on his pants, said, "I'm goin' down an' talk to Andriolo. He's got ideas."

★ ★ ★

Sunset at Wall

In skypools deep between the buildings' banks
wingtips of the gulls are wet with slanting
sun

O see them wheeling in depressing circles
past bars of brokerage windows bright as
bullion!

the wings flap shadows on the electric eyes
flickering in the darkness of the mountain

the bottom of that canyon is a sea
where sunless light seeps green as dollar-bills

by the Exchange some bloated fish float by

SIDNEY ALEXANDER.

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Readers' Forum

Munich and History

To NEW MASSES: Hitler's helots march; great and terrible events impend. It is a time for solidarity, but also for diligent analysis and frank counsel. In this spirit may I offer an interpretation of the present situation?

Consider September's fantastic fairytale. Hitler's heart bled for the *Sudetenvolk*. He vowed to succor them, even if it meant war. Britain and France were cowed. Chamberlain yielded, induced Daladier to yield; and a deal was improvised, in stress and fear, at Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, and Munich!

That the first item in this yarn—Hitler's care for suffering Germans—is bunk, I know you agree. But it's all bunk. Hitler threatened nobody. The French and British governments weren't scared a bit. Nothing was decided at the three melodramatic, spotlighted conferences. A crazy theory? Well, while you and the whole world were anxiously asking, "It it war?" I said "No."

For Hitler had no power to threaten. Czechoslovakia-France-USSR could have crushed him like a nut in a nutcracker; being no fool, he knew it. It might have taken a fortnight. If Italy, perhaps Poland, joined him, it would take a bit longer; but not much if Britain joined his foes. The idea of Britain cringing to Hitler, and the other theory, so popularized these last two years, of Britain trembling before Mussolini, are history's prize jokes. Joseph North sees the point: "You would never," he says in your columns (October 4 issue), "know Britain had a fleet, to listen to the London *Times*." Yet the British fleet has never for a day ceased to be stronger than the next two largest navies. No one knows the various powers' air strength, but I'll bet my teeth that Britain far surpasses Italy and Germany. London has been taught to tremble in fear of sudden attack; but any such plan, though made in the secret heart of Hitler or Mussolini, would be known to the British secret service in an hour, and averted by the simple means of bombing Rome and Milan, or Berlin and Essen, first. The pragmatic British would not hesitate, and they have the means. The pacifist General Crozier revealed last spring, in his book, *The Men I Killed,* that the navy, under Duff Cooper, while talking "defense" has been building long-range bombers.

I have hitherto (NEW MASSES, August 30, and elsewhere since June 1937) called the "tension" between Britain and Italy a preconcerted game designed to lull Moscow with the hope that the capitalist powers could not combine against the Soviets, and designed also to fill the peoples with fear, thereby to induce them to bear the cost of armament, and condition them for war hysteria at the proper time. Fantastic? Well, look at the facts: The peoples groan but bear the burden, even labor approves arming to the teeth, but instead of war among the capitalist powers, we see them embracing, even as I predicted sixteen months ago. I now say that Hitler's "threats"—since he had no power to threaten—were sheer phonies, part of a prearranged game, uttered with the full knowledge that Britain and France would yield, and in fact dictated and timed from London. I say that Hitler and Chamberlain, Daladier and Mussolini decided nothing; that save as actors in assigned roles, they had no more to do with the business than you and I; that the decisions were made, and the outcome fixed, before Chamberlain ever set foot in his first airplane. And at this point I turn to Lenin—and NEW MASSES.

From your issue of September 20 I quote "Lenin's dictum" that "the state is an executive committee of the governing class." My crude version of the same thought is that cabinets, premiers, even "dictators" are mere errand boys of the governing class—the money lords, the major capitalist exploiters of the peoples, the real rulers of the world outside the Soviet Union—and errand boys don't make decisions affecting the fate of nations. As you well said in NEW MASSES of September 27, "Chamberlain did not have to go to Berchtesgaden to learn what Hitler wanted. That was camouflage."

Yes: the entire "crisis" was camouflage; the fate of the *Sudetenvolk* and their few miles of territory was camouflage. What then was all the excitement about? I said in the New York *Post* September 9 and again September 30, that the object of the game was to break the Czech-Soviet alliance and force Czechoslovakia into the all-capitalist front against the USSR. The supposed war danger, the fear whipped up by press and radio, and such melodrama as airplane flights, the 2 a. m. ultimatum to Benes, the Hitler message handed to Chamberlain at exactly the right point in his speech (very crude, that!) were devices to ensure that the British and French peoples would look upon Chamberlain and Daladier as the saviors of peace and confirm them in office with increased majorities. These devices were also useful to cheapen the British pound sterling, whereby British export trade was advantaged, and to send stocks and bonds dizzily up and down, whereby the insiders could and probably did make countless millions of other people's money, useful among other things to properly reward obedient statesmen in various countries, perhaps even in Czechoslovakia. If any of this seems fantastic—behold the situation today: The Czech-Soviet alliance is broken; a potentially fascist regime takes power in Prague; Czech officials, press, and people begin to talk of alliance with Hitler!

Chamberlain got his vote of confidence; Daladier got his plus dictatorial powers. The Communists alone stood for decency in the House of Deputies. Their spokesman was the same Gabriel Peri who wrote in your pages that the "City" of London—the international money-power with headquarters in London—was sapping the united front; three weeks ago it lay in fragments as he spoke. This I predicted in June 1937. At that time I said that the master capitalists, Lenin's "governing class," *must* try to crush the Soviets before the brilliant success of Socialism becomes apparent to all the peoples; that faced with this danger, they will not let their puppet powers fight among themselves; that an alliance of Britain-France-Italy-Germany would take form. Today the four-power alliance is a fact; the smaller nations are cowed; the gates open before Hitler toward the Ukraine. It is rumored that the four powers will now try brutally to force the Spanish people to compromise their cause. I dare to hope that an end to the war against that people may have been Roosevelt's price for his part in recent events; but we shall see. In any case, expect an attempt to end the war in China, leaving Japan in control of North China as a base for attacking the Soviets in the East while capitalist Europe attacks in the West. Only a quick awakening of the British and French peoples can avert that necessity which Stalin prophesied in his *Pravda* letter, of a struggle for the very life of Socialism against the whole bourgeois world. I have held that to expect any British government of the type which Lenin calls "an executive committee of the "governing class" to join in curbing fascism and defending the USSR, was to expect the impossible, something outside the order of nature, a mating of the jackal and the dove. I think I am entitled now to write "Q. E. D."; but no matter. Joint action by the *peoples* is the need, and our job here is to educate the American people to the real issues.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Red Hook, N. Y.

"Had Wonderful Time"

To NEW MASSES: It happened at Camp X—its name used to be Karefree but times have changed, and so has this camp. Situated in the Adirondacks, "nestled among pine trees, by a glistening lake, and combining a congenial crowd with a Continental cuisine"—we went there to seek rest and seclusion after the hectic American Federation of Teachers convention.

The grounds were as described in its NEW MASSES advertisement except for a certain frigidity in the atmosphere. People lived together, yes, but only geographically and by accident. Nothing more bound them together than the common board and lodgings they shared. However, we were assured that this was typical of all the camps in the vicinity, that it was nothing unusual to find people trying their darnedest and still not having a good time.

Of course, people ask what you do for a living. "Teacher, huh? Coming from the convention—what convention? You mean to say you spent part of your summer at a labor convention? And enjoyed it? Tell me about it." We gladly obliged, but after the seventh command performance, we suggested that there be a little get-together, so it could be done for all who were sufficiently interested. "No, that would never do. We're on vacation—and that's too much like a meeting." We reminded them that we were on vacation, too, and seven performances were more grueling than one.

They called the meeting. It was attended by over fifty persons, as well as a few from a neighboring place who had heard of the meeting, including some teachers from Rochester, where there is not yet any AFT local. Within three days, three neighboring camps and a bungalow colony had named dates for us to visit and report, which we did—to audiences of over one hundred.

When some people admired our Relief Ship and Abraham Lincoln Brigade buttons, we succeeded in selling duplicates, although some were confused and asked "Isn't it our immediate duty to help the Nazi refugees?" We refused to answer on the grounds that by doing so we might jeopardize our constitutional rights to a pure vacation. They fixed us—by organizing a committee which speedily arranged a series of discussions.

Before long, a committee was working on a Spanish Night. People who had never before been interested in such things worked so efficiently with more experienced heads that a night which included the showing of *Heart of Spain,* drinks, entertainment, and general gaiety resulted in a collection netting $300 for the Relief Ship.

By this time, the democratic front was in full blast. Not only were our services demanded in innumerable spontaneous discussions, but we had books to lend, we were the liveliest table companions, swell tennis opponents, to say nothing of containing some highly eligible dancers in our group, who did their duty scrupulously.

We're home now, looking forward to a city reunion with all its possibilities. We made one mistake—as some acquaintances in the city who heard of the whole venture pointedly reminded us. We did not spread the news of our activities widely enough; consequently they spent an unnecessarily boring vacation at a nearby spot. We're trying to make up for that now, so that from now on every single camp and hotel will "combine theory with practice" and introduce enough serious matter to make the vacation a really "wonderful time." That depends on us readers of NEW MASSES, doesn't it?

WILLIAM AND LUCY WALTERS.

New York City.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Letters of Henry Adams

THE keyword of the second volume of *Letters of Henry Adams* (1892-1918, edited by Worthington C. Ford, Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50.) is catastrophe. Catastrophe, collapse, crisis, chaos—the words appear on every second page. The election of McKinley, the Dreyfus case, the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, Roosevelt's presidency, and the war between Russia and Japan successively harassed his mind. By 1914, when worldwide collapse actually came, he was so worn out by his prophecies that he was unable to do justice to the calamity. What he would say in 1938 can only be guessed. More than once in the course of the year editorial writers have quoted the last sentence of the *Education:*

> Perhaps some day—say 1938, their centenary—they might be allowed to return together for a holiday, to see the mistakes of their own lives made clear in the light of the mistakes of their successors; and perhaps then, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, they would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder.

The irony of this, which must have tickled the malicious autobiographer, becomes perfectly clear in the *Letters*. Almost any other prophet of doom would feel vindicated by the world as it is in 1938, but Adams anticipated even more flamboyant terrors.

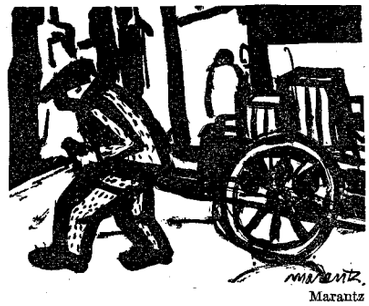
It is not to be supposed that he was quite indifferent to what—at least between 1892 and 1914—appeared to be the ludicrous aspects of his melancholy. But he did expect, from year to year and almost from day to day, the collapse of civilization. It is the persistence with which he strikes this single note that makes the second volume of the *Letters* less interesting than the first. Reading the letters he wrote in the sixties and seventies, one could take considerable pleasure in contrasting what he had actually thought and felt with what he saw fit to set down in his autobiography. But here we have, sustained over twenty-six years and more than six hundred pages, the precise mood of the *Education,* and it does become tiresome.

There is little here to explain the genesis of Adams' mood, which was well formed before 1892. Adams' despair grew out of his own defeat, the defeat of his family, and the defeat of his class. The earliest letters in Volume I showed him as a student in Germany, planning a political career. He saw no reason to doubt that his father was on his way to the kind of prestige and influence that the Adams family had long enjoyed, and he believed that he and his brothers would emulate their father. It was not until the end of the sixties and the early seventies that he began to realize how few rewards there were in the post-Civil War world for the virtues of the Adamses and how little tolerance for their shortcomings. The process of disillusionment was a gradual one, but it was finished long before his fiftieth year.

Volume II, if it explains little in itself, does confirm this interpretation. Adams' mind, for years after he believed it to be above such foibles, was deeply concerned with politics. He longed to be one of the powers behind the throne, and he relished the opportunities to influence foreign policy that came when John Hay was Secretary of State. Of course he indignantly refused office when it was offered him, and he made a fetish of avoiding publicity, but he was pleased to have power, and he would have liked recognition if he could have had it on his own terms. In the *Education* it is made to appear that aloofness was his choice, but it was a necessity and a very distasteful one.

To the effect of political failure was added the sense of personal insufficiency that came with the suicide of his wife. In the eighties Adams assumed the defensive, consciously cultivating attitudes that became habitual. He talked much of his ignorance and his lack of success. He refused all honors, pretending that he was unworthy of them. Like Carlyle, he admired silence, calling it "the only sensible form of expression," and, though silence was more than he was capable of, he had his books privately printed. Always he was guarding himself against further blows from a fate that had already proved too unkind. And in particular he scorned the world that had scorned him once and might again.

Yet it would be wrong to think that Adams' pessimism was merely a private vengeance. By all the Adams standards the world of the post-war plutocracy was bad—and not by Adams' standards alone. He had his own reasons for searching for signs of decay, but they did exist, and he did find them. In 1894, for example, he was writing: "Here, in this young, rich continent, capable of supporting three times its population with ease, we have had a million men out of employment for nearly a year." In 1895 he observed that "religion, art, politics, manners are either vulgarized or dead or turned into money-making agencies." He called the press "the hired agent of a moneyed system," and the moneyed system itself "one vast structure of debt and fraud." Having watched the rise of the plutocracy after the Civil War, he knew that politicians, including his friends, were its servants. He put no faith in reforms, for he saw that "the whole fabric of our society will go to wreck if we really lay hands of reform on our rotten institutions."


Marantz

Adams was not unaware that others had preceded him in the exploration of the rottenness of capitalism. He said of *Capital:* "I think I never struck a book which taught me so much, and with which I disagreed so radically in conclusion." He admitted that he and his brother Brooks owed their conception of history to Marx, and he was astute enough, when Brooks Adams sent him one of Edouard Bernstein's books, to see the implications of revisionism: "He throws up the sponge in the whole Socialist fight. . . . He preaches the bankruptcy of the only idea our time has produced." Always he knew that the Marxists, and only the Marxists, looked at events as he did: "I have been to the *salons* and the restaurants and the weddings and the little private talk-talks," he wrote from Paris in 1909, "and have seen nothing but what the Socialists see."

He realized, of course, that the Socialists not only saw the breakdown of his society but worked for the creation of a new one, and at times he felt them to be his allies.

> For my part [he wrote in 1893], hating vindictively, as I do, our whole fabric and conception of society, against which my little life has squeaked protest from its birth, and will yell protest till its death, I shall be glad to see the whole thing utterly destroyed and wiped away. With a Communism I could exist tolerably well, for the Commune is rather favorable to social consideration apart from wealth; but in a society of Jews and bankers, a world made up of maniacs wild for gold, I have no place. In the coming rows, you will

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know where to find me. Probably I shall be helping the London mobs to pull up Harcourt and Rothschild on a lamp post in Piccadilly.

It is a nice picture, but there was really no danger of Adams' being found on the barricades. In 1898 he stated his position more accurately:

Not that I love Socialism any better than I do Capitalism, or any other Ism, but I know only one law of political or historical morality, and that is that the form of Society which survives is always in the Right; and therefore a statesman is obliged to follow it, unless he leads. . . . One need not love Socialism in order to point out the logical necessity for Society to march that way; and the wisdom of doing it intelligently if it is to do it at all.

Having associated with and struggled against the ruling class for a good many years, he had no illusions about its inclinations and its methods. When Cleveland used troops to break the Pullman strike, Adams commented: "Now that the gold bug has drunk blood, and has seen that the government can safely use the army to shoot Socialists, the wage-question is as good as settled. Of course, we silver men will be shot next, but for the moment, the working men are worse off than we." He even understood that the capitalist class would be ready, if profits demanded, to abandon the pretense of democracy:

The reaction of fashionable society against our old-fashioned liberalism is extreme, and wants only power to make it violent. I am waiting with curiosity to see whether the power will come—with the violence—in my time. As I view it, the collapse of our nineteenth-century J. S. Mill, Manchester, Chicago formulas, will be displayed—if at all—by the collapse of parliamentarianism, and the reversion to centralized government.

As far as this Adams went, but no farther. He did understand the nature of capitalist control and its debasing effect, but it is not easy to imagine an Adams in alliance with the proletariat. "Much as I loathe the regime of Manchester and Lombard Street in the nineteenth century," he wrote, "I am glad to think I shall be dead before I am ruled by the trades unions of the twentieth." Any friendliness he had for labor vanished when his own comfort was affected: "The labor of our common sort," he remarked during the strikes of 1903, "seems to have developed a system of blackmailing society which society submits to. The capitalist robbed us, but had an interest in letting us have what we wanted. The laborer blackmails us under pretense of robbing the capitalist. His strikes are always against us, in order to impoverish us, and so affect capital. To me, it is all one. Between the two gentle tyrants, I was long ago squashed. My class is quite extinct, as a class." His prejudices against organized labor grew, and by 1912 he was speaking of its leaders as "scoundrels."

His views on Socialism were similarly subject to modification as his prejudices reasserted themselves. As early as 1896 he said, "The growth of Socialism is obviously only disintegration of society." On occasion he

Sid Gotcliffe

seemed to realize that Socialism was the disintegration merely of his kind of society: "Only Socialists can now oppose with effect, and Socialism is a strange world to us." But he could also rant: "I can't go out of my cheap garret here in Paris, for an hour, without being throttled by some infernal Socialist, leveling, humanitarian regulation which is intended to kill me and to keep some syphilitic abortion alive."

If this sounds like the senile viciousness of the well preserved gentlemen who write letters on club stationery to the Boston *Transcript* and the New York *Sun,* if it reminds one all too unpleasantly of the pathological fury currently visited on Franklin Roosevelt, it is necessary to remark that that is precisely the tone of an uncomfortably large number of letters. In all Europe and America there were, he said, no more than five hundred persons with whom he was capable of sympathy or from whom he could expect appreciation of himself and his books. Towards the alien millions he tried to maintain a sufficiently objective attitude, but without success. As he shuttled back and forth between Washington and Paris, he was always encountering "impossible neighbors." "I spoke to no human beast," he wrote of one voyage. "My neighbors at table were all singers at variety shows. I stayed in my own room, and read Mme. de Sévigné day and night." At Mont St. Michel, one summer's day, he found "a mob of tourists of many kinds of repulsiveness. Odious Frenchwomen, gross, shapeless, bare-armed, eating and drinking with demonstrative satisfaction; and dreary Englishwomen, with the usual tusks; and American art students, harmless and feeble." If they noticed him at all, no doubt they wondered who this old gentleman with the drooping mustaches was and why he was in such a pet.

The philosophy he had so carefully cultivated and the modesty of which he made such a show did not save him from provincial snobbishness and the cheapest of New England prejudices. Readers of the first volume of the *Letters* will recall disparaging references to the Jews. Such references occur on almost every page of this book. At first Adams is chiefly talking about Jewish bankers, and the term seems little more than an objectionable kind of slang. Increasingly, however, its connotations are starkly anti-Semitic, until, in his comments on some New York customs official who had provoked him, he is on the Streicher level.

All this permits us to see the *Education* in better perspective. Adams had, with the customary growls, given his consent to its publication after his death, and it appeared in 1919. As with Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh,* posthumous publication was a blessing, for pessimism was in vogue after the war, and the *Education* became one of the bibles of the twenties. It has always seemed rather querulous and affected, and we can now understand why, but it has been a force in the process of degeneration with which its author was preoccupied. Adams saw that the older American culture was dead, killed by its own child, industrial capitalism, and he made others see it.

That there were ways in which what was valid in that culture could be kept alive, he did not see, or saw only fitfully. His family had reached its highest point when John Quincy Adams, humbling himself to serve in the House of Representatives after having been President, had stubbornly fought the slave-owners in defense of the right of petition. Then an Adams had stood beside Channing and Emerson and Parker and Garrison and Thoreau, in the forefront of American culture. By comparison the reformist activities of Charles Francis Adams were a feeble gesture. The great tradition of American culture had passed into other hands, hands that an Adams viewed with scorn. The younger Adamses were out of the battle, and the best they could do was to preside over the obsequies of their clan. Nobody will deny that the funeral sermon Henry Adams preached was superb.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Four Novels

NO STAR IS LOST, *by James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $3.*

LITTLE STEEL, *by Upton Sinclair. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.*

ROOTS IN THE SKY, *by Sidney Meller. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.*

WAIT UNTIL SPRING, BANDINI, *by John Fante. Stackpole Sons. $2.50.*

IT IS easy to understand the average reader's reluctance to spend time on a first novel by an unfamiliar author. We have to make hasty and limited choices; in self-defense we are inclined to skip those books on the rental library shelf which represent the first, and so very often the last, effort of the younger novelist. We are less willing to take chances with our novels than we are

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with our movies and our radio programs, and our instinct is sound. But these novels strengthen my conviction that the hope of American fiction rests with the people who are breaking into print for the first time, rather than with their more famous elders who have a disconcerting habit of producing disappointments.

During the past year or so we have had first books of fiction by Theodore Strauss, A. I. Bezzerides, Richard Wright, John Hyde Preston, Millen Brand, and many others. In all of these books, as in those by Sidney Meller and John Fante, there is energy, enthusiasm, social insight, and conscious craftsmanship. I do not mean, of course, that these writers are comparable, as literary figures, to men like Upton Sinclair, who has just published what I believe is his sixtieth book, or James T. Farrell, whose Lonigan trilogy has just been published in a Modern Library edition. But I do think that the best of the new work easily holds its own in comparison with that of the established writers, and I question the wisdom of the reviewers who ignore this fact by putting the less familiar writers and the very experienced ones into separate compartments.

Since Farrell's new novel is only the second in a group, presumably a tetralogy, revolving around Danny O'Neill, any comment upon it may have to be revised when the larger structure becomes more clear. Many portions of the present section seem irrelevant and overdone, but it is just possible that their necessity will become apparent as we grow familiar with the pattern as a whole. This much must certainly be said in all fairness to Farrell's intention. At the same time, I should doubt the need for any elaborate modification of judgment in the future. The faults in this novel are by and large intensifications of the faults that one found in the Lonigan trilogy, and they seem to be related to an inflexible theory of fiction which Farrell is not likely to renounce midstream. The familiar merits of Farrell's style—his fresh transcriptions of idiomatic speech, his ability to portray the disintegration of character, his very often subtle blending of fury and tenderness—are smothered by a monotony of theme and mood which becomes more oppressive with every book.

A passage at the beginning of this book may serve as a text for a commentary on Farrell's method. Ten-year-old Danny O'Neill is out on a spree with his brother Bill. They go to a penny arcade, where they are attracted by those picture machines which feature titles like "The Oriental Harem," "Beauty Goes to Bed," and so on. You put your penny in, and if you turn the crank just fast enough you see a moving picture. But Danny turns the crank so slowly that each card is for him a separate image. He discovers that the picture blurs unless the crank is turned; yet he is so anxious to assimilate each part of the experience that he is constantly blurring the image and damaging the sense of movement.

Characteristically, Farrell describes each card in the "Beauty Goes to Bed" sequence. Like Danny, he is reluctant to pass anything by, and he forgets to turn the crank. We are more likely to be aware of an infinite series of cards than we are of progression and structure in his novel. Some of the scenes—like the concluding section, which gives us a remarkably vivid picture of the O'Neill family in the grip of a diphtheria epidemic—are done with great patience and scrupulous adherence to the objective fact. But the extreme repetitiousness of the narrative is due to the similarity of so many of the cards. One has the feeling that Farrell is never quite satisfied that he has really done his job. He constantly reverts to the same situation, the same phase of character, the same type of conversation, as if to make sure that the reader has received the fullest impact. The opposite effect is frequently produced. Aunt Peg gets drunk very many times, and she behaves pretty much the same way every time she gets drunk. The first description may be convincing and memorable. By the fourth you have become a psychological victim of the law of diminishing returns.

No character develops *forward* in the novel. People either stand still—like Danny's platitudinous uncle, his tempestuous grandmother, or Danny himself, for that matter—or they disintegrate morally and socially. It is important to note that Farrell is much more preoccupied with the breakdown of Aunt Peg than he is with the growth of Danny. The portrait of Studs Lonigan's disintegration was understandable as a representation of the lower middle class losing its bearings and going to the dogs. We were led to believe that a more positive development would form the basis of the O'Neill tetralogy, but I suspect, after reading this book, that Farrell will have to change his conception of social reality to achieve this other purpose. He is fascinated by the breakdown of personality, and so far as one can tell he is sustained by no hope. He has selected a narrow region of life—his own boyhood in Chicago—and he cannot, it seems, escape from its sordid bitterness. The alternative is not sweetness and light, of course. The alternative is confidence in his own world and the courage to select only those aspects of his past experience which are relevant to an artistic design. Otherwise, Farrell will remain a novelist who has not only written a striking portrait of decadence, but a novelist whose own vision of life has been corrupted by that decadence. His Trotskyism has already provided the rationale for a program which begins with despair, proceeds to hate, and concludes with social destructiveness raised to a principle.

For entirely different reasons, Upton Sinclair's latest novel turns out to be a disappointment. On his sixtieth birthday, Sinclair is probably our most robust, sturdy, and self-confident man of letters. *Little Steel* is another indication of his unflagging interest in the important areas of conflict in American life. No social theme could be more exciting than the clash between the CIO and the independent steel producers. That clash is a great symbol of the momentous struggle in our time between the principles of progressive democracy and fascist reaction. There is no question about Sinclair's alertness to the theme and his partisanship in the fight. In this book, the newspaper headlines and the findings of the La Follette committee are pressed into service. Yet the total result, curiously enough, is an impression of unreality. The character of Walter Quayle, owner of the Valleyville Steel Corp., is thoroughly unconvincing. He is a soft-minded man, the dupe of a couple of scoundrelly "industrial counselors" from New York. An amateur King Lear, he is double-crossed by his older children, who are rather wooden symbols of "the children of the rich." His youngest daughter is a radical Cordelia whom at first he renounces and whom he later rewards with his tears in a Southern police station. The only fresh character in the story is Mr. Fixit, Quayle's philosophical old friend. It is an unpleasant duty to have to report that *Little Steel* is a mechanically conceived and constructed book. It is *The Prodigal Parents* in social reverse. We are grateful for the social reverse; we are sorry for the artistic weakness.

The books by Meller and Fante, on the other hand, are so good because they reflect the authors' full absorption in the lives of their characters. *Roots in the Sky* is about a family of Orthodox Jews living on the West Coast. *Wait Until Spring, Bandini* deals with an Italian working man and his family who live in a small community in Colorado. They are quite different in scope. Sidney Meller gives us a panoramic picture of three generations, beginning with the Rabbi Elchanan Drobnen and his wife Chana, emigrants from Russia. Fante's story is confined to a few weeks in the life of the Bandinis. But the larger purpose is somewhat similar: the problem of adjustment to the difficult life of America. The national problem, as we realize more and more clearly, is not a language problem which can be removed after one generation, but rather a problem of understanding and adjusting differences in cultural inheritance. There is rich material here for literary treatment, and the fact that so many novelists have treated the "melting pot" as an inexhaustible scource of local-color concoctions should not scare us away from novels which try to see the problem from the point of view of the human beings directly involved in it.

Meller's unworldly Rabbi is a beautiful character whose social position in the community is eventually crushed by newer and more material forces: the well-to-do officials of his congregation, the Reformed Jews with

John Heliker

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their better manners and their freedom from "superstition," the up-and-coming young men who, like his son Leo, get caught in the mad whirl of finance and politics, and the renegade Jews who, like his son-in-law, resent any reminder of the fact that whether they like it or not they are Jews. But the Orthodox Rabbi, with his roots in the sky, is a sympathetic character not merely because he is at odds with an alien environment—the extreme particularity of his way of life *cannot* survive —but, more important, because he has a distinct contribution to make to American civilization. His high ethical idealism, his contempt for money grubbing, his faith in learning: these are necessary and transmissible values. There is the closest kinship between the Rabbi and his son Aba, who inherits a passion for truth and social justice, and moves gropingly toward the labor movement and Socialism. The point is not labored by the author, but it is there. And in making it, he has restored, very eloquently and dramatically, the great essence of traditional Judaism. It is a relief, after reading Farrell, to come across a writer who combines a rich and unsparing realism of detail with an organized search for values in the life of his people.

Fante's is the bouncing bambino of the four novels. He has tried to do less than Farrell or Sinclair or Meller. He wanted to give us Svevo Bandini, the poor Italian bricklayer, energetic, blasphemous, frustrated by the unemployment of winter, Bandini who takes pride in his native Abruzzi and in his union card; his wife Maria, devout Catholic, bewildered by those other women, those "American" women, in the magazine ads; and young Arturo, ashamed of being an Italian, tormented by his endless "sins" against God. It is one of the most unusual proletarian groups I have ever read about. The story is alternately gay and depressing; it is never dull. Bandini's affair with the widow Hildegarde is a *tour de force,* but a very amusing and lovable one. Fante, like Meller, may not achieve fame until his fifth novel appears. The reader will miss something good if he waits that long. SAMUEL SILLEN.

Anecdotes from the Abdomen

THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, *by Arthur E. Hertzler, M.D. Harper & Bros., $2.75.*

DR. ARTHUR E. HERTZLER has been practicing medicine in Kansas for the past fifty years. *The Horse and Buggy Doctor* is his autobiography. It was the August choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, the September book selection for condensation in *Readers Digest,* and it now tops the non-fiction best-seller list. It has been generally reviewed with high praise, and its social viciousness has been remarked only in *Interne,* the publication of the progressive young doctors of the Interne Council of America.

The book has been much commended for the humor and "philosophy" known as homely, and the common sense called horse, viz.:

> . . . the best we can do is to escape pain, and we do this by keeping eternally busy, so busy that we have no time to either hope or fear. . . .
>
> Some vulgar person has said that when the wife is kept bare-footed and pregnant there are no divorces. Bad as this sounds, it is so because it is so near the truth.

When Dr. Hertzler began his medical practice, he was *The Horse and Buggy Doctor,* that is, he drove to his patients with a horse and buggy as did most of the doctors of his day. The rigors of country practice were enormous. On the way to the patient the doctor had to contend with road washouts, snowdrifts, and fierce dogs. When he reached the patient, he often had to perform a major operation without benefit of proper instruments, adequate lighting, anesthesia, or aseptic conditions. Always he was overworked and groggy with fatigue. On one occasion, Dr. Hertzler worked twenty-six nights without going to bed.

Now, in recollection, Dr. Hertzler makes a virtue of the undeveloped transportation and medical facilities of the period. He admits that his experiences were "hard" and "cruel," but his feeling is that, "if the young doctor today had to make great sacrifices to reach his patient," he would be a better doctor.

After four years of this onerous and gymnastic horse-and-buggy practice, Dr. Hertzler was able to quit it for two years' study in Berlin. He returned to Kansas, continued his arduous work, and, in the course of time, founded a small private hospital. The vicissitudes incident to the establishment and running of this one-man enterprise might have made some men suspect the possible advantages of an economy in which the hospital was a planned and integral part of cooperative effort. Not so the hardy Dr. Hertzler. While he says, "happily the private hospital is a thing of the past," he decries at great length the "standardization" of present-day hospitals, and can see in a real socialization of hospitals only a situation in which, "the boss of the factory or a political boss is allowed to select the doctor."

Dr. Hertzler concludes his recollections with a critique of "Medicine As It Is Today," and this chapter contains the most illuminating picture of the good doctor himself.

He tells us that a doctor as a doctor can have no creed, and that "it is not for him to say whether or not he likes the trends in human affairs or not." Then, in the manner of the American Federation of Labor's executive council attacking the American Labor Party because the AFL never takes a political stand, he proceeds to damn all progressive measures in medicine and government.

> We hear that there are a lot of tears shed nowadays because one-third of this great "American people" are without medical care. *I wonder where these people live.* [Italics mine.] I know this coun-

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try from the Father of Waters west and they are not here. So this is temporarily no worry to an old Kansas doctor who knows his people. The line of conversation seems to emanate from that same fount of wisdom that urged us Kansans to plow up our pastures and sow wheat and that now advises us to put the grass back and plant shade trees and then give the land back to the Indians and buffaloes.

It is a little late in the day to have to argue the point that there are a great many people in the United States in want, and that there is a direct relationship between poverty and adequate medical care. The doctor is referred to the following studies, a few among many, on the people's health and wealth:

Report of National Resources Committee on Consumer Income in the United States: 1935-36—46 percent of the people of the United States received less than $1,000; 22 percent less than $1,500; 20 percent less than $2,500.

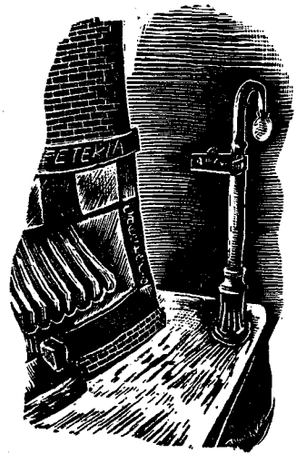
Economic Conditions of the South: Report of the National Emergency Council—"In the South, where family incomes are exceptionally low, the sickness and death rates are unusually high."

Dodd and Klem Surveys, made in California independently of one another, 1935-36—". . . of those families earning less than $1,200 per year 17.03 percent required medical attention. This gradation of requirement decreased up the scale of higher income until in those families earning $5,000 or more only 8.6 percent needed care."

American Medicine, by American Foundation Studies in Government, 1938—"Last year there were more than eight hundred deaths in Georgia without an attending physician, while thousands of people suffered with typhoid fever, malaria, tuberculosis, cancer, appendicitis, etc., and were unable to get a doctor or hospital attention." . . .

"A member of the public health service of a Western state writes, 'In this state approximately one-third of the people die without consulting a doctor even in their fatal illness. In six of thirty-six counties, less than one-quarter of the mothers have medical care in child-birth. In seven of this state's counties more than three-quarters of the babies that die have no medical care.'" [Cf. Dr. Hertzler's statement, "Those without medical care are so because they elect to do without it. Stubborn dumbness stands in their way."]

Dr. Hertzler shares the notion of William Allen White that the people of Kansas have in their homes all the things advertised in the popular magazines. But *Public Welfare Service in Kansas,* 1924-33, taking in boom years, reports over a half million families receiving assistance from private and public agencies. (Population of Kansas, 1,845,331; family standard equals five persons.) *Public Welfare Service in Kansas,* 1935, reports 13.3 percent of the total population receiving assistance.



Dan Rico

And Dr. Hertzler asks where "these people" live.

The author's blind praise of Kansas leads him into offensive smugness, and grave misstatements of fact concerning health conditions in his state. Most ranklingly smug is, "The last diphtheria death in this community occurred nearly thirty-five years ago, in a child whose father was an import, not a native Kansan, needless to say." But there were 551 diphtheria deaths reported in Kansas in 1934, and 529 in 1935. On the unlikely chance that all of these were "imports," it is hardly a matter of self-gratulation to Dr. Hertzler.

Most serious as a misstatement of fact is: "Syphilis is a rare disease in Kansas." The War Department's publication, *Defects Found Among Drafted Men,* divides the states into four groups according to prevalence of syphilis. Kansas stands in the second group with thirteen other states whose ratio of syphilis prevalence is 5.39 per thousand men, while there are thirteen states in the first group having a ratio of but 1.28 per thousand.

The Medical Aspects of Social Hygiene, April 1938 study of the American Social Hygiene Association, reports: "Syphilis and gonorrhea are grave problems in Kansas City, as elsewhere, because they are very prevalent. . ."

This investigation, made chiefly in Kansas City, Mo., includes Kansas City, Kans., as part of the greater metropolitan area. The results, in the limited study made, show that the number of cases of syphilis under treatment amount to 5.5 per thousand, while in the United States as a whole, the cases under treatment amount to 5.65 per thousand.

The State Board of Health of Kansas reports 1.21 average deaths per ten thousand population from venereal disease, 1931-35, and adds, ". . .it would be no exaggeration to say that if all existing venereal disease and deaths due to venereal disease were reported as such, *these figures might be multiplied five or ten fold.*" [Italics mine.]

Such information is available to the casual student. To ignore or disregard it, as Dr. Hertzler does, is a great disservice to control of the disease. Not unexpectedly, syphilis control, as seen in such legislation as premarital and prenatal examination laws, comes under Dr. Hertzler's disparagement on the trivial grounds that a Wassermann reaction is sometimes inconclusive.

Among Dr. Hertzler's many anecdotes is one of his student days in Berlin when he asked the great Professor Virchow's advice on doing an *Arbeit* on the peritoneum. Virchow said, "What is needed is someone who will live in the abdomen for twenty years and then write of what he saw."

Dr. Hertzler tells that he followed this counsel as scrupulously as possible and, after

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twenty years published his two-volume work, *The Peritoneum*. Had the author consulted a competent authority on the method of observing what is and what is not in society, he might have been able to write an intelligent and valuable book on his long career as a doctor. As it is, he seems still to be living in the abdomen. CORA MACALBERT.

Types of Obscurity

HORNS FOR OUR ADORNMENT, *by Aksel Sandemose. Translated by Eugene Gay-Tifft. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

THE complaint of obscurity has been so often advanced against the finest products of modern literature that one is inclined to accept obscurity gratefully, as a mark of deep and significant purpose—indicative of a creative mind which refuses to be bound by the stereotyped conceptions of the best-seller list. Such an assumption, while by no means unjustified, has nevertheless made it increasingly important to differentiate between two types of obscurity: that which is the result of having assimilated fresh perceptions into a work of art, and that which is a consequence of the struggle to give these perceptions the ultimate achievement of form.

In the first instance, the obscurity is not so much inherent in the work of art as in the reader's inaptitude for grasping new modes of sensibility; and a careful study of the work, with the artist's intention firmly in the foreground, will usually suffice to unravel all of its knotty complexities.

In the second instance, however, no amount of study will avail to clarify the work on the plane of the imagination, for the obscurity is the result of the artist's failure to integrate his material into expressive form.

Unfortunately, Aksel Sandemose's *Horns for Our Adornment* must be reluctantly placed in the second category; but the quality of the book may be inferred from the fundamental nature of the preceding definitions. It is emphatically *not* the kind of novel which can be encompassed by the usual cliches of literary journalism, and any attempt at evaluation tends to raise basic problems in the esthetics of the novel.

Superficially, *Horns for Our Adornment* deals with the voyage of a three-masted schooner from Norway to Newfoundland, just as *Ulysses* deals with a day in the life of Leopold Bloom; but in each instance the *substance* of the novel—the judgment on the values of experience which the author is interested in presenting—far exceeds in scope the naturalistic character of his surface *theme*. Joyce uses the structure of Homeric myth to order and control the disintegration of values which is at the root of his novel, and thus he gives the bulging body of *Ulysses* some semblance of esthetic form. Sandemose rejects the historical myth in favor of the personal, but the experience of his characters is too circumscribed to carry the symbolic load he assigns them; hence he is forced to break up the form of his novel, printing aphorisms, fables, anecdotes, and allegories in italics before and after each chapter. These are intended to widen the frame of reference, both by sharpening the symbolic allusions in the text and by expanding them till they assume the status of symbols for universal human relations. The textual reference of these fragments, however, constantly shifts from chapter to chapter; and since there is no formal continuity in the symbolism, it is impossible for these italicized passages successfully to perform their function of integrating the novel as a whole.

Primarily, of course, the irreducible obscurity which clouds the novel at this point is the reflection of a more serious confusion in the realm of values. Although it is impossible to state precisely just what focus Sandemose draws upon experience, the dust-jacket notes that he has been compared by various critics to D. H. Lawrence, Joyce, and Céline. Surprisingly enough, all these analogies are fairly accurate: at one moment it would seem that Sandemose's criterion of value is nothing more than the spontaneous vitality of Lawrence's "dark gods"; at another moment he mingles Joyce's vision of evil with Céline's solipsistic anarchism; but such definitive standards are only posited temporarily, never developed beyond a single scene, and never synthesized into a recognizable framework of values. Yet one feels throughout the book a straining after some form of symbolic cohesion which is more sensed than articulated; and in this connection a quotation from the epilogue is instructive in illuminating what may have been intended as the dominating motif. "All who carry with them the dream of a cleansed humanity," Sandemose writes, "shall awaken one morning at the gateway to paradise." It is the intensity of this dream which transforms the sailor Gullhest into an embryonic sculptor, who experiences and accepts all the inherent bestiality of man because he feels that such knowledge is a necessary part of the cleansing process. On the other hand, the most despicable character is a defrocked priest who also has his dream, but who refuses to accept the experience of evil—as exemplified in the sadism and perversion of the forecastle—as the inevitable complement to his desires; and as a consequence he is subjected to the pitiless physical punishment which his evasion justifies.

From these speculations, it would seem that Sandemose is obsessed with the vistas of terror revealed by Freudian psychology; but as yet he has failed to assemble these perceptions into any rational perspective which can be felt with the immediate certainty of artistic knowledge. What one *does* feel, breaking through the straitjacket of obscurity, is the passion of an essentially undisciplined but powerful creative mind—merciless in its penetration and uncompromising in its determination to create order out of the chaos of the irrational. JOSEPH FRANK.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Shakespeare and Three Others

THE theater came to life last week. After nearly a month of mediocre, bad, and downright terrible openings, four provocative plays in as many nights began long runs on Broadway. While earnest audiences run to make the 6:30 *Hamlet* curtain, next door Robert Morley brings the tragic figure of Oscar Wilde to brilliant life. Up two blocks the new Kaufman-Hart play, *The Fabulous Invalid,* breeds what promises to be a famous theater controversy; and the good gray English novelist, J. B. Priestley, tries a little solemn fantasy near by.

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MAURICE EVANS, a great actor, has opened on Broadway in the greatest play ever written in the English, or any other language for that matter, Mr. William Shakespeare's *Hamlet.*

I never see a good Hamlet—and I started in my pigtail days with John Barrymore's version of the Prince of Denmark—without feeling grateful that my native tongue is English. For the Germans wrote music, and the French painted the great pictures, but the English-speaking peoples have inherited the great poet-dramatist.

I suppose it is a little foolish to talk, at this late date, some three hundred years after the first review, of the play *Hamlet.* Most critics stick to the acting, the staging, the direction of the current production. But this is written just twelve hours after the final curtain and the great lines are still rolling in my head, the authentic music of the English language. For *Hamlet* never dies, never grows stale or outworn. Even the familiar lines we all learned in high school still make the heart beat faster, and the eternal struggle of the thoughtful man against the world is no less exciting and ennobling because the audience all but knows it by heart.

Mr. Evans, as you have heard, presents *Hamlet* in its entirety. The curtain goes up at 6:30 and the play, with a thirty-minute intermission for supper, runs until 11:15. I have seen many a cut version of the great play, and this complete production is, in my opinion at least, infinitely more exciting. All the curious inconsistencies of the play, usually covered up by the cutting, appear here to puzzle and delight the theater-going audience as well as the scholar. Here is a king, alternately a black-hearted villain and a wretched, tormented sinner. Here is the beautiful soliloquy of *Hamlet* on the shores of Denmark before he takes ship for England. Here are the two ghost scenes, played as Shakespeare intended them to be played, with the intervening business of the court and the introduction of the king and queen. In this version, it is apparent that Hamlet was not shocked or surprised to hear of his father's murder. He had suspected as much before.

Mr. Evans, faced with the enormous task of playing a role that for sheer physical endurance is a challenge in itself, is a magnificent—and the word is used in its exact sense—Hamlet. He makes Shakespeare's great character a full-blooded, full-sized man. Hamlet, as Mr. Evans sees him, is no hysterical introvert tormented by a mother-fixation. All the nonsense of more recent Hamlets is swept away. Here is the universal man, the child of our age, the questioning, seeking figure of modern times. To my mind, Hamlet loses all significance when he is turned into an abnormal, half or wholly mad character. Mr. Evans played him as Shakespeare wrote him—a prince who fenced well, rode splendidly, loved a beautiful woman, made jokes, and dissembled a little to maintain his position in a court filled with danger and intrigue. In this version, Hamlet's great soliloquies become the tormented reflections not of somebody who needs a psychiatrist, but of man himself. The audience does not watch Hamlet with shocked pity or uneasy fear—but rather sees itself in Hamlet's struggles.

This is a great *Hamlet.* Mr. Evans' supporting cast is good. Mady Christians as the queen is very restrained in the earlier scenes but in her interview with Hamlet rises to inspired heights. Henry Edwards as the king gives a new interpretation of this villain—he makes him proud, brave, tormented, sometimes pitiful.

The staging and direction are superb. The sets give the castle a space and sweep not usually seen and steps to the orchestra pit allow characters to make quicker exits and entrances. The costumes are sumptuous and add much to the dignity of the production. The pace of the whole play is rapid; the audience, sitting nearly five hours, is allowed no time to get restless.

Maurice Evans' *Hamlet* is a great event.

Sculpture by Maurice Glickman

War Victims

SOME PLAYWRIGHTS try to say too much; their failures are often magnificent—and honorable. The new Kaufman-Hart opus, *The Fabulous Invalid,* is sadly disappointing because its authors say exactly nothing. The play is a birthday cake to the Theater—with a capital T—a birthday cake with too much sticky white icing.

Kaufman and Hart had a brilliant idea—the story of the American theater. They use the Living Newspaper technique, with expert skill. They have a fine cast, thousands of dollars' worth of costumes. The direction and production of the show is exciting in itself. The music is delightful. And the whole thing adds up to exactly nothing. *The Fabulous Invalid* is an empty husk, an expensive false-face.

The real story of the American theater is the story of a changing culture. *The Fabulous Invalid* might have been a great social document. It is, instead, a pleasant evening's entertainment, vaguely irritating to an audience that expects more. To Messrs. Kaufman and Hart the saga of the American theater, its actors, its playwrights, is a sentimental tale without point or real meaning.

For *The Fabulous Invalid* glosses over the past of the theater, and completely misses its prospects. Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart appear to understand nothing of economic relationships on Broadway. They use the great Actors Equity strike for a laugh; they carefully fail to explain that until the unionization of actors, the casts of the same shows they recall so sentimentally were heartbreakingly underpaid. The whole play is a saga of theater managers; actors appear either as ghosts or simple-minded fellows who never mention money.

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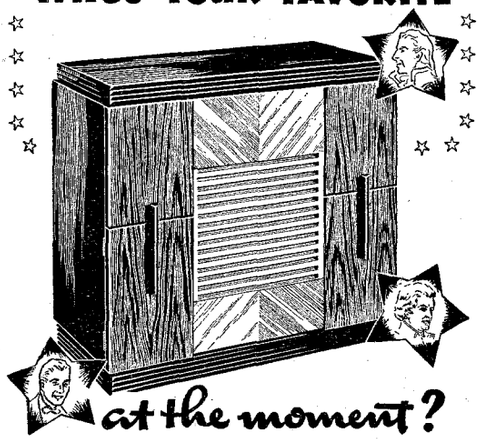

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The 1920-25 renaissance of the American theater is treated with similar levity. Kaufman and Hart apparently find *Anna Christie* as quaint as Anna Held. They dismiss all that makes the American theater so exciting —its periods of tremendous upsurge, the creation of new standards, the sweeping away of old barriers—with a gag line.

The future of the theater gets as cavalier treatment, in *The Fabulous Invalid,* as the past. The birth and development of the people's play is completely omitted. *Waiting for Lefty* might never have happened, to listen to Messrs. Kaufman and Hart.

But more important, *The Fabulous Invalid* misses the most dramatic situation in the whole history of the theater—the WPA Federal Theatre. Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart get laughs with cheap anti-Roosevelt wisecracks, but they allow their own backward social point of view to rob them of the obvious climax to their play. *The Fabulous Invalid* misses fire at the very point where it might have been great, and ends instead with anti-climax. The truth, in this case, would have been more exciting than Mr. Kaufman's and Mr. Hart's fiction. The future of the American theater lies undeniably in the huge new audiences who have seen real plays with real actors for the first time under the banner of the Federal Theatre.

Technically, *The Fabulous Invalid* is skillfully devised. Kaufman and Hart are careful craftsmen and many of their short scenes are superb. However, the chief device of *The Fabulous Invalid,* three ghosts fluttering around and carrying on running comments, is extremely awkward and hardly up to the Kaufman-Hart standard. The audience fidgets every time the ghosts turn up.

But outside of the ghosts, *The Fabulous Invalid* is entertaining throughout. The early flashbacks, with carefully costumed actresses singing, "My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown," and George Arliss sneering at helpless heroines, are diverting. The best scene in the play is a wonderful reproduction of a Burlesque chorus and audience, with a real strip-teaser, and boys hanging out of boxes, shelling peanuts and howling sweet obscenities to the can-can dancers on the stage.

It is difficult to single out individuals from the enormous and more than competent cast. I didn't much like the leading lady, Miss Doris Dalton, but perhaps that was because she was ghost number-one—and ghosts bore me to extinction. For my money, I liked the boys in the Burlesque audience best. What verve!

ROBERT MORLEY'S PERFORMANCE in *Oscar Wilde* is in the great tradition of the English-American stage. Messrs. Kaufman and Hart, in their little opus up the street, don't find time even to indicate those exciting moments in the theater when a great actor finds the perfect role—and interprets it to a hushed, solemn audience that breaks into wild bravos and passionate applause when the final curtain comes down. Mr. Morley makes theater history, while the boys up the avenue fiddle around with ghosts.

Mr. Morley's vehicle, a carefully documented story of the English poet's life by Leslie and Sewell Stokes, is a competent, reserved, and somewhat uninspired play. Mr. Morley brings it to vivid, tragic life with his remarkable portrait of the vain, witty writer of paradox whose life is crushed by the English aristocracy.

Oscar Wilde's reputation in English literature has not rivaled the scandals that clouded his name. Decadence, masquerading under the cloak of "beauty" and "pagan love," won him only a secondary role in a scholar's history. The Dickens that he laughed at has survived better than his own plays; *The Story of Dorian Gray* is today a museum piece.

But Oscar Wilde's life was a genuine tragedy, as typical of the late 1880's as Queen Victoria. The English aristocracy, ignorant, idle, vicious, needed an Oscar Wilde to amuse it—but the lords and ladies who invited Wilde to dinner destroyed their court jester when he added ridicule to paradox. Yet Oscar Wilde's was no genuine attack on the English aristocracy, but rather a sort of palace revolt. He never questioned the philosophic or economic bases of British imperialism. He only poked fun—mild fun, it seems now, after all these years—at the stupidities and bad manners of a class to which he was proud to belong, if only as a hanger-on. The British aristocracy debased Oscar Wilde's talent, made him a minor poet, a futile decadent.

Mr. Morley rises to his greatest heights in the tragic courtroom scenes of the play, when Oscar Wilde faces the aristocratic hypocrites of his day. He begins in the witness box, arrogant, flip, a poseur with long gray gloves and immaculate waistcoat. The white-wigged judges and lawyers stalk him slowly, but when they are finished Oscar Wilde stands speechless, tears running down his flabby face, to hear the frightful sentence. There are times, in the theater, when audiences forget that an actor is giving a great performance—they see only the living man, suffering before their eyes. In shocked, hushed silence, the audience watched Oscar Wilde—not some English actor—stand quivering beside the prison guard, listening to the cruel words of the pinched bigot from the bench.

Mr. Morley is great—not merely good—throughout the play. His Oscar Wilde does no sudden collapse from the dazzling success he enjoyed in the first act, to the final humiliating end. Gradually, step by step, Oscar Wilde falls apart until at last he winds up, in a Parisian cafe, a drunken sot, a pitiful exile. There is no untruthful or sentimental attempt to show Oscar Wilde as a hero struck down by fate. The playwrights indicate clearly that Wilde was the true voice of the English upper class of the period, a sort of reverse Victorian. His cynicism was the mirror of a bourgeoisie that even in the heyday of its success found life dull.

Oscar Wilde never actually revolted against the real mores of his period. His punishment

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and tragedy are ironic—but not the less moving. The same Englishmen who enslaved India found time to crush a harmless poet.

MR. MAETERLINCK'S cute little bluebird reappeared on Broadway last week, all dressed up in the trappings of Freud and psychoanalysis. The result was something awful, to put it inelegantly. In fact, a good theater week turned sour when Gilbert Miller, who must have had a reason, dredged up this dreary little item by J. B. Priestley, *I Have Been Here Before.*

I'm not exactly a fan for Mr. Priestley's novels, but I must say he does better between covers than across the footlights. The play, currently on view at the Guild Theatre, is very solemn stuff, all about time spirals and an officious professor who keeps remembering things out of his past four existences while the audience keeps wanting desperately to go home. The English, or at least Mr. Priestley, can certainly make a lot of solemn fuss about a little a.b.c. adultery.

Wilfred Lawson, that remarkable fellow who made the bad-tempered lawyer in *Libel* immortal, is stuck with the unfortunate part of the business man who kept shooting himself in all his other existences. He gives, as always, a flawless performance, in spite of Mr. Priestley's lines, and the rest of the cast does as well as can be expected, considering that the first act is made up almost entirely of stage waits and the rest of the play is entirely chewing the cud of Mr. Priestley's philosophy. RUTH MCKENNEY.

Light on the Dark Continent

A PICTURE about the Belgian Congo that does not mention the terror which subdued the aborigines and the slavery that keeps the markets of Belgium profitable is scarcely a true picture. But the field of exploration films is so wide open for good work that Armand Denis and his expedition have been able to make a satisfactory, even an admirable movie, nonetheless. *Dark Rapture,* at the Globe, is a film account of the auto travels of the Denis-Roosevelt expedition from Belgium (where the young king blessed them off), through France, Spain (no mention of the war), across Gibraltar, through French desert outposts in the Sahara, into the Belgian slaveland of the Congo. Denis has a good sense of the newsworthy things in Africa—the pygmies, the giants, elephant hunts, volcanoes, prairie fires, native ritual, dance and music—and he handles this material in the spoken commentary with exceptional taste. The film is snidely titled and advertised as a sex revelation but it does not

George Zaetz

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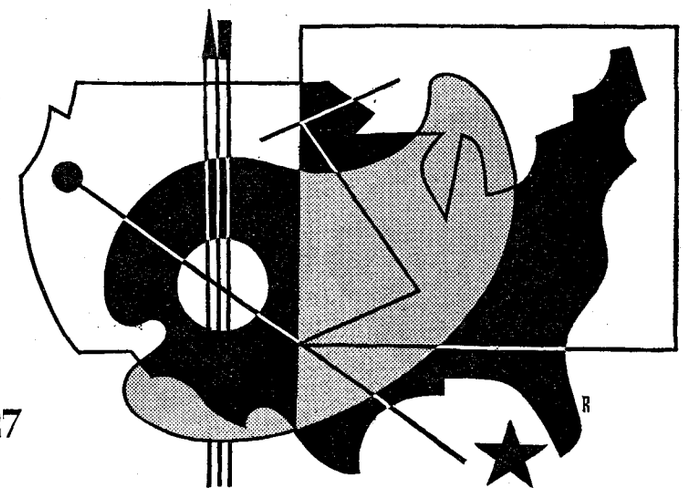

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ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS of the Week every Sunday evening at 8:30 p.m. at the Workers School, 35 East 12 Street, 2nd floor. Admission 20 cents.

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GENERAL VICTOR H. YAKHONTOFF speaks on: "Soviet Russia and Its Allies" on Tues. Eve., Oct. 25th, 8:30 p.m. at 2 West 86th St. Social hour—Refreshments —Admission 50c.

SCOTT NEARING will speak on "The Doddering British Empire" on October 25th at 88 Seventh Ave., So., (IRT Sheridan Sq. Station) 8:30 p.m. Adm. 40c.

SIX OUTSTANDING Federal Poets—Bodenheim, Funaroff, Claremont, Maas, Siegal, Spector—reciting own poetry, Friday, Oct. 21, 8 p.m. Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St. Admission 25c.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, American poet recently returned, will speak on "Culture in the Soviet Union," Oct. 21, 8:30 p.m., at Hotel Newton, 2528 Broadway. Ausp. A. F. S. U.

"A-NIGHT-AT-THE-LIDO"—Sunday Evening, Nov. 6. 1938. Featuring Stars of "Sing Out The News" and "Sing For Your Supper." Lido Annex, 146 St. & 7th Ave. Subs. 49c. Ausp.: Theater Anti-Fascist Committee.

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reveal as much as a dark mammary gland. Where the missionaries have failed to introduce "civilized" modesty the Legion of Decency has succeeded.

Leroy G. Phelps, the cameraman, has brought an uncommon pictorial quality to the immensities of Africa—the head-high grasslands, turgid rivers, the upland slopes where the vegetation might be the macabre foliage of Mars. He pictures the jungle where vines, great shafts of trees, and underbrush are woven like a cloth. The tribes of Africa are shown with a directness and sympathy that destroys many a superstitious illusion about "savagery," albeit the most important fact—imperialist rule—is left unsaid. When the director of the elephant station leads an elephant-drawn wagon train into the veldt there is a hint of the actual relations between the natives and their masters. Denis explains that the guns of the native boys who are shortly to undertake the desperate task of roping a young elephant are loaded only with blanks. Because, explains the narrator, the boys might get nervous and shoot each other, or even the white man. These "nervous" Negroes thereupon segregate a pachyderm from the herd and coolly rope him to a tree. Later the boys are shown breaking in the desperate captive, patiently climbing upon his back and jumping lightly off when he lunges with his trunk or tries to roll over on them. I can imagine the reason for the blank cartridges.

A speaker at the opening meeting of the World Youth Congress, an emphatic delegate from Africa, made the point that the aborigines of the so-called Dark Continent may be savages but they are savages who cannot be compared in duplicity and destructive frenzy with the armored savages of Europe. The blessed man of civilization, sitting in a theater, watching the intelligent and dignified pygmies of the deep jungle, the noble Watusi giants of the plateau, and the intrepid fishermen seining the boiling rapids, is struck with an emotion very much like envy. If the world had not got so far into the industrial epoch, one could almost wish for another Rousseau, preaching the idyl of the Noble Savage. But civilization besotted with the amorality of capitalism, has reached the savage. Remotely down five thousand years, the caste system of Egypt is bestowed upon the seven-foot Watusi who have the bearing and the Semitic profiles of the Nile Delta; more recent and more brutal, the imperialism of Europe is visited upon the Africans. The jungle tribes who have not been captured for the rubber plantations, the mines, and the elephant stations, live in human brotherhood like the pygmy engineers, working in rationalized teamwork as they swing their vine bridge across a streamful of crocodiles.

John Heliker

Denis' commentary is a model of its kind, without a chauvinistic note in it. The expedition released last year an album of musical recordings of jungle ritual. The intricate drumming on these records fascinated American jazz musicians, notably Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa, and its influence is beginning to appear in hot music. This stick and log drumming appears in the picture. Because of its anthropological worth and its exciting photographic incident, *Dark Rapture* is an outstanding movie.

IRVING REIS, director of the exciting radio dramatizations for the Columbia Workshop last year, sold himself over the hill to Hollywood with the understanding that he write and direct only "B" pictures. *King of Alcatraz,* his first effort, suggests that his stipulation has been granted with a vengeance. This gangster-Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt melange moves so slowly that one suspects Mr. Reis took nothing to Hollywood from radio but the static.

THE ROOSEVELT THEATRE at Second Avenue and Houston St., New York City, is operated by a company bearing the laudable designation of the Non-Aryan Pictures Corporation. There you may see the best Soviet and European peoples' films at the lowest prices in town. The manager, Mr. Morton Minsky, whose family's reputation in urban anthropology was sullied by Commissioner Moss, has hit upon the bright idea of an historical chronicle of the Soviet Union in Russian films. Beginning October 18, the Roosevelt is pairing two Soviet films which describe the main events of revolutionary history and the growth of Soviet power. Each double bill will play for two days, carrying the audience along chronologically. The complete program follows, including silent and sound films:

Oct. 20-21, *Potemkin, Lonely White Sail;* 22-23, *Youth of Maxim, Return of Maxim;* 24-25, *Mother, Nightingale;* 26-27, *Lenin in October, The Last Night;* 28-29, *Fragment of an Empire, Chapayev;* 30-31, *26 Commissars, Three Women;* Nov. 1-2, *Baltic Deputy, We Are from Kronstadt;* 3-4, *Road to Life, The Thirteen;* 5-6, *Beethoven Concerto, Peasants;* 7-8, *Moscow Laughs, Song of Happiness;* 9-10, *Broken Shoes, Der Kampf;* 11-12, *China Express, Son of Mongolia.*

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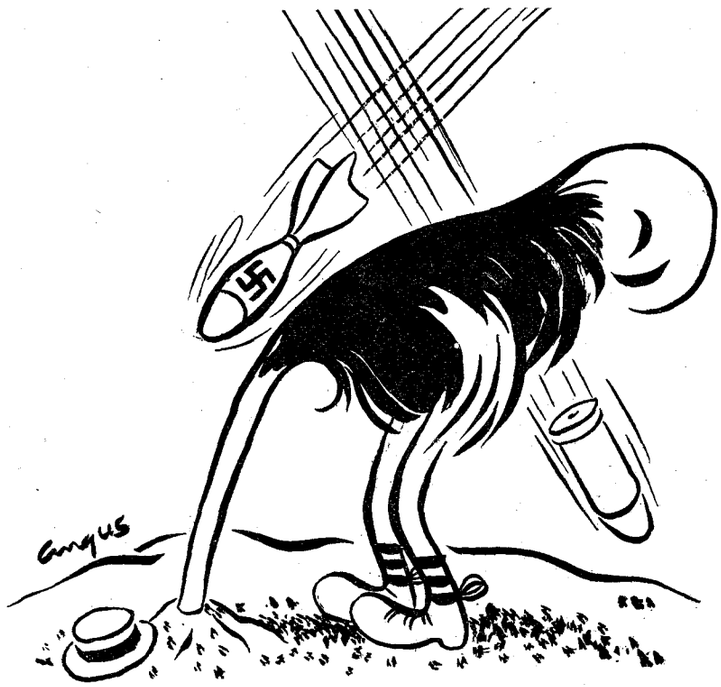

"My, my," the ostrich said, as he hurriedly scanned the usual newspapers, "I honestly don't know my head from my tail about this European situation. Come to think of it, I don't know much about the situation right here at home." Naturally he was ashamed of his own ignorance, and so he hurriedly cancelled all social engagements and even went so far as to refuse to answer the telephone. However, he could not avoid meeting acquaintances on the streets, and at business, and as soon as they began to talk of world affairs, he would turn pale with shame and bury his head in the nearest stretch of soft concrete.

"This situation," his wife finally said, "is becoming untenable." And so she consulted all sorts of people who were authorities on complexes, but they were unable to get to the bottom of the situation (due to the fact that her husband kept his head in the sand whenever anyone came near).

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October 20, 1938

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"NEW MASSES MUST CONTINUE!"

This is the essence of what I have heard a hundred times if once, since my letter on this page last week. Strange but welcome voices over the telephone . . . letters and wires . . . readers who stopped in at the office . . . all said, in effect: "NEW MASSES MUST CONTINUE!"

Recognition of the magazine's desperate situation is exemplified as much by the questions asked as by the reassurances and subscription promises received, since these questions, however worded, had one main theme -- are there any better or new methods for obtaining that one subscription which, forthcoming from every reader, spells stability for New Masses?

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF TELEPHONING? It IS difficult to see all the people you know who might subscribe to New Masses. You can still TALK to them about it, and TODAY, while this is fresh in mind, is the time to do it.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF LETTER WRITING? Isn't there someone to whom you spoke about subscribing, a month or two back, who gave you no for an answer. With all that has happened since, a letter from you mentioning, for example, last week's editorial answers to the five most agitating questions regarding the Munich sellout, might just strike the right, subscribing chord. Or . . . isn't there an out of town friend of whom you've said: "If only I could see him -- I'll bet I could get him to subscribe!" TODAY is the time to write.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF SENDING US THE NAMES OF POSSIBLE NEW MASSES SUBSCRIBERS? We will send them a copy of the magazine, with a letter inviting their subscription. Do it TODAY, and you will all the sooner have our assistance towards helping you clinch that subscription.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF ASSISTING YOUR FRIENDS FINANCIALLY? If you know a friend of New Masses who would gladly subscribe, but finds it difficult to pay out $4.50 at one time, perhaps you are fortunately flush enough to send us the money for him . . . and collect it a dollar at a time.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF CARRYING A SUBSCRIPTION BOOK? Write for yours if you haven't received one. It provides a handy dotted line.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF SENDING US YOUR SUBSCRIPTION SELLING IDEAS? Your own experience may be just the thing to help somebody else over a subscription hurdle. Tell us about it. We'll tell our other readers.

If there is any other aspect of our drive for 20,000 new subscribers about which you want to write us . . . do so. Remember, this is your magazine. The campaign to save New Masses is your campaign. The fate of New Masses lies in your answer to the appeal to you for at least one new subscriber. And the answer must be: "NEW MASSES MUST CONTINUE!"

Sincerely yours,

George Willner

Business Manager

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